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THE CANDLE OF LATIMER

AND

DAUGHTER OF ZION.

BY

THE MASTER OF LATIMER HALL.

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The Candle of Latimer:

A MONOLOGUE,

IN THREE PARTS.

To the friends of Christian training,
Whose enduring love I claim
For the School my boldness has honored
With old Hugh Latimer's name.

The Candle of Latimer.

INTRODUCTION TO PART FIRST.

Lives of great men are the enduring poems of the world, which become the glory of history, sacred and profane.

"The Candle of Latimer," composed chiefly on the streets, when going from house to house, in the cars, at hotels, and wherever

A work for God and coming days,

bore me on, or found me out, with its stern

interdiction of the wasteful luxury of dreams, is an attempt to build in verse the poem of one of the many lives which exalt the world.

Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, of yeoman descent, was born about the year 1480. Placed in school at an early age, in due time he entered the University of Cambridge, where he became distinguished for diligence in the learning of the day.

At a time when Spain was alive with the impulse to find an El Dorado in the New World, Latimer entered the ministry, to seek through the fields of the Church the Celestial Country.

Instructed in all the doctrines of Rome, a man who believed what he professed, and acted what he believed, he verily thought, in the spirit of Saul of Tarsus, that he ought to do many things against the newly revived faith of the Reformers. Among other things, he pronounced

an oration against Melanchthon, and was rewarded for his zeal in receiving the appointment of cross-bearer to the University.

But God in His providence, as in the case of Saul, was preparing the way to put an end to the "time of blindness and ignorance," and turn the zeal of His servant to a better field. Bilney, a reformer, whose light was never hid, and one of those who heard the oration against the German divine, went to Latimer's study with the concealed hope of enlightening him, and entreated him to hear his confession, in which he carefully set forth all the grounds of his faith. Latimer was so touched by the recital, that he abandoned the study of the school-doctors, and became a student of true divinity.

He now became one of the boldest preachers of the faith he had once opposed, like that son of Benjamin of old, whom he so much re-

sembled, and like him was soon "brought before governors and kings," for the Master's sake.

Cardinal Wolsey, before whom Latimer was accused, possibly affected as was Agrippa by the words of Paul, instead of silencing him, as was expected, gave the eloquent priest a license to preach through all England. Cited before the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London, in 1532, he refused all subscription to the doctrines he had renounced.

In 1535, King Henry, who with his faults always admired boldness and honesty of purpose, appointed Latimer to the Bishopric of Worcester. In that field he discharged his office with all the simplicity and devotion of a truly apostolic bishop. Accused before the King, on account of a sermon he had preached at Court, he replied, "If your Grace allow me for a

preacher, I would desire your Grace to give me leave to discharge my conscience." On New Year Day, when courtiers were presenting their costly gifts, Latimer gave Henry an English New Testament, folded down at the text, "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge."

On the passage of the act of Six Articles in 1539, the Bishop of Worcester resigned his charge for conscience' sake, and at the instigation of Winchester was imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained till the accession of Edward.

Foxe makes a memorable note concerning him during the reign of the young King:

"As the diligence of this man of God never ceased all the time of King Edward to profit the Church both publicly and privately; so among other doings in him to be noted, this is not lightly to be overpassed, but worthy to be observed, that God not only gave him His

Spirit plenteously and comfortably to preach His word to His Church, but also by the same Spirit, he did evidently foreshadow and prophesy all those kinds of plagues which afterward ensued. And as touching himself, he ever affirmed that the preaching of the gospel would cost him his life, to which he cheerfully prepared himself, and felt certainly persuaded that Winchester was kept in the Tower for that purpose, as the event too truly proved."

In the neighborhood of Coventry, when Queen Mary ascended the throne, cited to appear before the council, under circumstances that afforded ample opportunity to escape, Latimer yet proceeded with great promptness to London, remarking of Smithfield, "That place of burning hath long groaned for me."

On his arrival in the metropolis, he was committed to the Tower, where in the reign

of Henry, he had already spent six years. In his half-jesting words to the Lieutenant, he again revealed his conviction as to the death he was to suffer, though yet uncondemned, untried: "Unless they allow me a fire, I shall deceive them; for they purpose to burn me, but I shall be starved with cold."

Cranmer, Ridley, and Bradford, soon became his companions within those old walls that could tell such stories of lords and ladies, princes, and ecclesiastics, and those of low degree, cut off in youth, middle life, old age, as the interest or intrigue of those in power demanded.

The oldest and bravest of that little company, with the great multitude of time-servers, and those weak in the faith, who were awed into silence by the power of the civil arm, vividly before him, the venerable Bishop is represented in the first part of the monologue which follows,

as vindicating the success of his life and the ultimate triumph of the Reformation, addressing himself more particularly to Ridley, who was to be his companion in death; and finally, at the close, as prophesying the glory which should flow from their martyrdom.

THE CANDLE OF LATIMER.

PART FIRST.

Scene—The Tower of London.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

I.

Good Master Ridley, think not thou the battle
  Is lost, and England bound in hopeless chains;
My faith is not the visionary's prattle,
  And all the sunshine of my soul remains.

Ay, many a year ago I claimed the splendor
  And benediction of the Morning Star,
And oh for service unto Him to render,
  From whom the promise and fulfilment are!

There is no darkness where the Christ remaineth,
His tabernacle is with light aflame;
His word unto the Church He aye maintaineth,
A glory unto each recorded name.

How can I doubt the clouds will be uplifted,
And dawn upon the world a brighter day,
When in His time the Lord the wheat has sifted,
And with His breath has blown the chaff away?

O children with the pitiable faces,
How have ye lost what is forever fair!
God present as of old in desert places,
Forgiveth much—will he forgive despair?

II.

It booteth not to say the days are evil;
What other days these long and weary years
Since Satan in the paradise primeval
Blighted the heart of man and brought in tears?

A lowly servant of the Lord's anointing,
To serve Him in my death as well as life,
I will not murmur at His wise appointing—
Hugh Latimer will never yield the strife.

Mine is the grander work, is evil greater,
And in the higher service I rejoice:
Only I would the time to go were later,
With longer use of this rebuking voice.

Few are the hearts that know the true Evangel;
Voices are dumb which once for Christ were bold,
And woes long writ by the Recording Angel,
Descend as on the Pharisees of old.

Oh for the Spirit with the seven graces,
To burst in flame throughout the darkened land,
Smiting with dread the wicked in high places,
Till only truth before His presence stand!

III.

Long have I sought with eager intercession,
And wistful watching through eventful days,
To lead some troubled hearts in true confession
To seek for rest within the olden ways:

The straight and narrow ways which God appointed
For man, who cannot live by bread alone,
All set with watchmen in His love anointed,
Directing to the one absolving Throne.

And toiling, pleading, waiting, I have tasted
Ofttimes the bitterness of human scorn,
Yet, never counting that my days were wasted,
Have treasured all the tokens of the morn.

So has the purpose of my life grown stronger,
And added energy with each new year,
Till now the shadows are becoming longer,
Nor friend nor foe can find one stain of fear.

For in the lone dark hour have I not uttered
The passionate cry of one who must prevail,
And while without the dreary night-winds muttered,
Been answered by a voice, "Thou shalt not fail?"

IV.

I have not failed to smite the ear of Heaven
With all their wants, who in the darkness dwell,
Beseeching Him who unto me has given,
To pour His blessed light on them as well.

How could I fail when in my heart I carried
The promise and fulfilment of the word,
For which of old the Kings and Prophets tarried,
And died without that glory of the Lord?

How could I fail, when in my soul was ringing
The music of the everlasting psalm,
Which Cherubim and Seraphim are singing,
Whose notes are love and courage, strength and calm?

O weary, waiting children of the Highest,
Ye shall not always in the darkness pine.
Thou art a grief to God, O soul that diest,
And through all lands the light at length shall shine.

His word has passed—and He will not recall it—
That to the Saving Name all knees shall bend.
Christ's work of peace, whatever ill befall it,
Shall, with His presence, prosper to the end.

V.

I have not failed before my country's princes
To speak the needed word, and, dearer part,
To give the poor that message which convinces
In feeding many a lowly, hungry heart.

How could I fail within the royal places,
To bid him of the woes of God beware,
When One who had of human fear no traces,
Had promised me His gracious presence there?

How could I fail to tell the poor the story,
Whose eloquence flows ever from the cross,
When Christ was in my soul the hope of glory,
And gain was leaping forth from every loss?

Too soon will mine be hushed, but other voices
Will bear it on and on, the joyful sound,
Until the waiting wilderness rejoices,
And every desert place the Christ has found.

The Lord of Sabaoth doth hear my praying,
The prison know His messengers of grace,
Who gather up whate'er my heart is saying,
And bid the blessed day come on apace.

VI.

I have not failed to bear full many crosses,
Mindful of Him who did not once complain,
And while I gloried not, save in my losses,
To patiently await the coming gain.

How could I fail in passing those dark spaces,
Which all must tread, ere opes the heavenly door,
When Christ, the Lord, our one unfailing way is,
Bidding us follow where He went before!

How could I fail, in patience waiting
For triumph in the Lord's own chosen time,
When He no tittle of His word abating,
Is sure to bring the victory sublime!

And yet, just as the clouds were fairly breaking,
And God's sweet peace, as gladness after pain,
England's rejoicing hearts its home was making,
The darkness settled o'er the land again!

But who am I, not to expect disaster,
And disappointment to a life-long hope?
The servant cannot be above the Master,
And with a thousand ills must always cope.

VII.

To Him who all for truth and heaven barters,
Disaster, disappointment, what are they
But prophecies of place among the martyrs,
Where falsehood cannot take his crown away?

Eager for service, I received my mission
Wherein all that I am has been assailed,
From Him who lettered out the Great Commission,
And faithful unto death, I HAVE NOT FAILED!

Failure is not a word that should be spoken
By those who have been signéd with the cross;
A vow is on them, which must not be broken,
Or theirs will be unending shame and loss.

I now am old; these locks long since were whitened;
The prison yet may cheat the waiting flame;
But when this heart is of its burden lightened,
I shall not leave behind a coward's name.

I shall depart as one whose soul believeth
Truth is eternal and can never fail;
Her kingdom on the earth she never leaveth,
And her disciples must and will prevail.

VIII.

If God doth bid us wait, there is reason;
Not as His children counteth He the suns:
His chosen day is always one in season,
And through all time His purpose runs.

Let not His servants fear; in love unfailing,
Tell out the tender mercies of our God,
Let judgment speak, let truth grow bold at railing,
And in the Master's service kiss the rod.

This have we done with many self-denials,
And we have learned long since from man to cease.
Await we now the greatest of our trials,
The day of triumph and a time of peace.

A rabble's sport, time-serving priests' derision,
We yet are men, our manhood unimpaired,
Our hearts exalted in celestial vision,
And for the life that knows no end prepared.

And through this realm, in blind, wild rage excited,
And ringing with base victory's fiendish shout,
A candle in our dying shall be lighted,
Which, by God's grace, shall never be put out.

THE CANDLE OF LATIMER.

INTRODUCTION TO PART SECOND.

In April, 1554, Latimer, Cranmer and Ridley, were taken from the Tower and conveyed to Oxford, to engage in a disputation on the mass with the heads of the University, and others appointed for that purpose. They were soon after committed to the Bocardo, the common prison, Cranmer to one apartment by himself, Latimer and Ridley together to another.

Latimer, who was nearly eighty years old, on account of his infirmities, wrote but little. He

passed his time chiefly in reading his New Testament, attached to his leather girdle, and in prayer, sometimes remaining so long upon his knees as to require help in rising. According to Foxe he was wont to pray especially for these three things:

That God would give him grace to stand to his doctrine till death, that he might pour out his blood for the same;

That God of His mercy would restore the Gospel to England again, repeating the words "Once again, once again," as if he had seen God before him and spoken to Him face to face; and also, while he did not omit to pray for the Queen,

That the Princess Elizabeth might become a comfort to the then comfortless realm of England.

This occupation was in keeping with his

blameless, heroic life in the field where study of the Scriptures and prayer bore such abundant fruit in his eloquent and effective ministry. Of the preachers of the Reformation he occupied the first rank. And while the writings of the other Reformers, even those of the learned Cranmer and scholarly Ridley, are almost forgotten, the sermons of Latimer are still extensively read, and probably the name of the "true apostle of Christ and the English nation," will endure as long as the Anglican Church itself.

Becon, Cranmer's Secretary, who was a student at Cambridge in Latimer's time, says, "There is a common saying which remaineth to this day; when Master Stafford read and Master Latimer preached, then was Cambridge blessed." Sir Thomas Cheke used to say, "I have an ear for other preachers, but I have a heart for

Latimer." Sir Richard Morison, his cotemporary, asks, "Did there ever a man flourish, I say not in England only, but in any nation of the world since the apostles, who preached the gospel more sincerely, purely and honestly than Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester?"

"An ambassador in bonds," the brave old man was not alone. The communion of the saints was his, with whom he was constantly refreshed in prayer, and to whom, standing "at the gates of heaven," he occasionally sent forth the consolations of his pen. Above all, he missed not communion with the Lord who compassed him about, as He did His servant of old, with "songs of deliverance." To some such songs, containing not a few of the major and minor notes of judgment and mercy, which so filled his every utterance, Latimer is represented as giving voice in the Bocardo.

THE CANDLE OF LATIMER.

PART SECOND.

Scene—The Bocardo at Oxford.

"Songs of Deliverance."

I.

It is a time when saints become prophetic,
  Grown rich in wisdom of the vanished days,
And like the olden seers in psalms pathetic,
  Bid troubled Zion on her future gaze.

There no woe that can our songs imprison,
  Though Judah in captivity was mute;—
They had not heard the note, "The Lord has risen,"
  That triumph had not burst from harp or lute.

Disaster palsies now the tongue no longer,
When life and immortality are found;
Yet palsied tongues and hearts that should be stronger,
In all the courts of Zion still abound.

How long, O Lord! Thy Church in darkness shrouded,
Uplifts her voice and cries again, How long!
Her lamp burns low, the once bright flame is clouded,
Where is Thine arm that was of old so strong?

From darkness comes the light, and strength from weakness,
Look forth, O Church, and rest thy weary eyes.
Dost know the Lord who came of old in meekness?
Behold, behold His ensign in the skies!

II.

The justice of our God remains forever,
  Forever lingers in the earth His love:
His smile as sunshine rests on true endeavor,
  On fraud, a blackness as of clouds above.

Like priest, like people. As of old the order,
  So, also, now in this false hearted day.
Look Thou, O Lord, upon our foul disorder,
  And take our name, or take our shame away!

Day follows day. The foolish see no danger;
They multiply deceits and add to lies.
Ah! they believe in God there is no anger,
Such tenderness forsooth in yonder skies.

There is no secret which can long be hidden,
There is no lie that shall not come to light.
Thou, Lord, hast all hypocrisies forbidden,
And will not Thy right hand defend the right?

Oh bitter woe for those who here dissemble;
Alas, for age that is not true to youth!
Before the Judge shall they at length assemble,
The Judge who brings forth judgment unto truth.

III.

Thy feet, O Peace, have from the Church departed,
And they that dwell therein are desolate.
The new wine mourns, and sigh the merry hearted;
The harvest-joy has left our fallen state.

To other lords have ascribed dominion,
And judgments of our God are in the land.
The angel of His love, with folded pinion,
Doth mourning weeping on our threshold stand.

The city that was full is solitary!
Jerusalem the beauty of the earth,
Unto her enemies is tributary,
And merchandise are they she erst gave birth.

But hark! a voice is on the mountain lifted:
The bitterness of woe shall pass away,
The clouds shall by the fire of heaven be rifted,
And mourning fields of Sharon greet the day.

The sun shall be ashamed, the moon confounded,
When thou, O Lord, shalt make Thy judgments plain,
And Zion, where of old Thy love abounded,
Shall hail the brightness of Thy face again.

IV.

God's purpose runs through all our grief and evil,
And compensation is not long afar:
A bitter woe was on the age primeval,
And in the sky was hung the Morning Star.

The Man of Sorrows and with grief acquainted,
Who wore the thorns upon a blameless brow!
His triumphs on the dome of heaven are painted,
Where man's new heart forever reads them now.

Neglected one, that dost not know the reason,
And murmurest to God in faith's eclipse,
But once believe that He will give in season,
Thy heart shall glow with an apocalypse.

But for a moment is thy cause forsaken,
O thou afflicted and not comforted;
The victory shall from thy foes be taken,
And by an unknown way shalt thou be led.

The mountains shall depart from their foundation,
The everlasting hills at length remove;
The troubled Church of God in her probation,
Shall never miss the sunshine of His love.

V.

O wayward children of our mourning Mother!
God's tender love will not forbear to smite.
He will not give His glory to another,
And your iniquities will He requite.

His changeless love in tenderest devices
Invites the weary to the quiet home,
Where ceaseless care for every need suffices,
And wanderers no more desire to roam.

But time for grace continues not forever,
There is an end to all things here below:
The day comes surely on when no endeavor
Can take the offers of the long-ago.

God is a judge, when clouds and darkness cover
The scorners of His unaccepted light,
And they who here refused Him as Lover,
Are left in that interminable night!

O weeping children of our mourning Mother!
Ye well may weep and in your tears rejoice:
God will not give His glory to another,
And tender mercy still uplifts her voice.

VI.

Gird on your armor, children of the Highest,
Go forth to battle, win the deathless name.
Alas, O soul, if from the fight thou fliest,
The lot for thee is everlasting shame!

The world is but the field of your probation,
There is no joy for him who is not tried;
There is no blessed triumph for the nation
That is not in some trouble sanctified.

The "Jubilate" chant when weak and weary,
And magnify His name who led the way,
And showed beyond the mists and darkness dreary,
The fadeless light of an eternal day.

Fight on! fight on! and gain the hidden manna,
Knowing all things together work for good;
And when at Christ's return, ye shout Hosanna!
The things of time shall all be understood.

Gird on your armour, children of the Highest!
Before you for the winning is renown.
Shame! shame! O soul, if from the fight thou fliest,
There is for thee no everlasting crown.

VII.

Break up your fallow ground, O Sons of Aaron,
And make your fruitless hearts a garden fair;
Again therein shall bloom the Rose of Sharon,
And pour its sweetness with your matin-prayer.

Behold, the Lord provideth for the raven,
And giveth understanding to the heart;
But when His children thankless grow and craven,
He bids the angels of His grace depart.

Oh, would ye bring them back? Be up and telling
The love of God, the beauty of the cross,
Unto immortal souls in darkness dwelling,
Giving them precious gold who have but dross!

Give others what the Lord to you has given,
Whose lives are ever hid with Christ in God,
Oh guides, exemplars on the path to Heaven,
And flowers shall spring where'er your feet have trod!

Break up the fallow ground, O House of Aaron,
And make the fields of Zion fertile grow;
Again therein shall bloom the Rose of Sharon,
Till all the hearts of men its fragrance know.

VIII.

Awake! Awake! Put on thy strength, O Zion,
Look forth and catch the glory in the sky:
A light beyond the brightness of Orion,
Forevermore commands the watching eye.

How does the prophecy of Christ's advancing,
Throb on the earth and pulsate in the air,
Smite the strong soul with gladness and with trancing,
And nerve thee for the wrestling of thy prayer!

Long has it been, thine agony of trial,
But time is on the march when it shall cease:
God's finger points the end upon the dial,
Angels and men uplift the song of peace.

There is no more an unavailing sorrow;
A Child is born to take all sins away.
The darkness of thy grief may pass to-morrow,
Pray for the triumph of the morning, pray.

Awake! Awake! Put on thy strength, O Zion,
Look forth and catch the glory in the east;
Within thy walls no more shall rage the lion,
No more thy children fail to keep the feast.

IX.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, the Golden,
City of rest where saints abide with God,
That wast by John in Patmos once beholden,
Soon will thy happy streets by us be trod.

Jerusalem, a quiet habitation,
Men may not always know beneath the skies;
Sin works its trouble here and desolation,
And yonder must we rest our weary eyes.

For care and sorrow are not everlasting;
Eternal good shall from our trouble grow:
Forever some new joy for us forecasting,
God leads us by a way we do not know.

A few more days for waiting and for toiling,
A few more nights in which to cry, How long!
And there shall be an end of sin and soiling,
An end of matin-prayer and even-song.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, the Golden,
Whose gates look North and South, and East and West,
At length no longer as by faith beholden,
Shall welcome us to her eternal rest.

THE CANDLE OF LATIMER.

INTRODUCTION TO PART THIRD.

On the 30th of September, 1555, the two companions in captivity were brought before the Commissioners appointed by the Pope to examine and condemn them.

Latimer appeared in their presence, as described by Foxe, holding "his hat in his hand, having a 'kerchief on his head * * * wearing an old thread-bare Bristol frieze gown, girded to his body with a penny leathern girdle, at which his Testament hung by a string of leather, his

spectacles, without case, depending about his neck upon his breast."

Far ahead of his cotemporaries in that knowledge which maketh "rich toward God," though not well versed in some of the learning which had been revived since the days of his early manhood, "the one man in England whose conduct," says Froude, the historian, "was perhaps absolutely straightforward, upright, untainted with alloy of base matter," his accusers charged him with a want of learning. His reply is a fair specimen of that ready eloquence which scintilates in all his sermons:

"Lo, you look for learning at my hands, who have been so long to the school of oblivion, making the bare walls my library; keeping me so long in prison without book or pen, and now you let me loose to answer to articles! You deal with me as though two were appointed

to fight for life and death; and over night the one through friends and favor is cherished and hath good counsel given him how to encounter with his enemy; the other, for envy or lack of friends, all the whole night through is set in the stocks. In the morning when they shall meet, the one is in strength and lusty; the other stark of his limbs and almost dead for feebleness. Think you that to run this man through with a spear is a goodly victory?"

At the end of the farce of their condemnation, they were handed over to the civil authorities, Latimer into the hands of the Mayor, and Ridley to the charge of the Sheriff, where they were respectively kept till the 16th of October—a day at once the shame and glory of England.

On the morning of that day, their communion was renewed at the place of burning, in front of Balliol College, Oxford. A rabble was

there; many Priests and high Ecclesiastics were there; and there was the mockery of a sermon by one of their number.

The two Bishops, one with the weight of four-score years upon him, the other in the vigor of manhood, for the last time kneeled down and prayed. For the last time they talked together. The words of that conversation we know not. It is not hard to presume what they were, especially on the part of Latimer, in whose soul there was so much of that light which is perfect in the presence of God and the Lamb. It is reasonable to believe that they pertained to the vindication of the good providence of God, on which he looked "as with illumined eyes." The third part of the monologue gathers up the glory of that last season of communion on earth, with the undying splendor of the moment of his departure.

They took their places at the stake. The bolts of the chains that bound them were driven fast. There, as the faggots began to burn, Latimer pronounced the memorable words: "Be of good comfort Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Then in the "chariot of fire," passed he from the earth with the cry: "O Father of Heaven, receive my soul!"

THE CANDLE OF LATIMER.

PART THIRD.

Scene—The place of burning in front of Baliol College.

"A chariot of fire** My father! my father!"

I.

Men, it is said, when peaceful death approaches,
Sometimes look forth as with illumined eyes:
The conscience is at rest, with no reproaches,
And blessedness drops from the opened skies.

And it is true; I cease thereat to wonder;
For when I think upon the chariot-flame
Which is triumphantly to bear us yonder,
I have experience I cannot name.

As looking forward to His sure returning,
Whom I have served for many and many a year,
To satisfy my unutterable yearning,
To see Him as He is, I have no fear;

So, looking back upon a life of sorrow
And joy, in which all contradictions met,
So ignorant and vexed about the morrow,
Ridley, I have no feeling of regret.

The view is beautiful in each direction;
On either hand the beauty is divine,
The bright and unmistakable reflection
Of Him who was, and is, and will be mine.

II.

There is a song—the saints in heaven sing it—
Which in this round of toils that never cease,
Enters the heart, whatever pain may bring it,
Laden with patience and with blessed peace.

What soul has heard it not, knows not its losses,
Nor can it know the secret of the gain
Which only comes to men from bearing crosses
With all their weight of agony and pain.

The mighty ones and true of all the ages,
For whose brave lives the world has better grown,
Prophets and priests and holy men and sages,
The lofty music of that song have known.

And who may tell the strength and consolation,
Which from a sense of God's unfailing care,
Flow through the wilderness of our vocation,
Making it bud and blossom everywhere?

O Ridley, loving God, dost thou need wonder
How in the blessed hush of all complaints,
In looking back, they lift their voices yonder,
Thy ways are just and true, Thou King of saints?

III.

Only through toil and pain and tribulation
The blessed things of heaven and earth are won,
What time the man grows less in his probation,
And God is more with each successive sun.

And shall the dream of life, the quenchless yearning
For something which is yet beyond control,
The flame within the breast forever burning,
Not leap to action and exalt the soul?—

Surmount all barriers to brave endeavor,
Make for itself a way where it would go,
And flash the crown of ecstacy forever,
Which only laborers with God may know?

In action there is joy which is no fiction,
The hope of something as in faith begun,
God's sweet and everlasting benediction,
The flush of victory, and labor done!

Labor puts the livery of greatness,
While genius, idle, withers from the sight,
And in its triumph takes no note of lateness,
For time exists not in eternal light.

IV.

What though the triumph of thy fond forecasting
Lingers till earth is fading from thy sight?
Thy part with Him whose arms are everlasting,
Is not forsaken in a hopeless night.

Paul was begotten in the death of Stephen;
Fruitful through time shall be that precious blood:
No morning yet has ever worn to even
And missed the glory of its crimson flood.

There is a need of all the blood of martyrs,
Forevermore the eloquence of God;
And there is need of him who never barters
His patience in that desert way the Master trod.

What mean the strange, hard words, "through tribulation,"
O Man of Sorrows, only Thou canst tell,
And such as in Thy life's humiliation,
Have oft been with Thee, ay, have known Thee well.

The failures of the world are God's successes,
Although their coming be akin to pain;
And frowns of Providence are but caresses,
Prophetic of the rest sought long in vain.

V.

Thou mayest know the Lord himself doth guide thee,
Hast thou but eyes to see and ears to hear,
And though hard, cruel things sometimes betide thee,
A loving, outstretched hand is always near.

Lo! when from cloud to cloud the lightning flashes,
What time the storm is plunging through the air,
And in commingling peals the thunder crashes,
Needeth the heart be told that God is there?

What though the venerable oak be broken,
And ruthless floods sweep down the mountain side?
Ruin is not, perforce, of wrath the token,
Nor doth stern vengeance on the torrent ride.

Anger and punishment have here no places;
Severity and tenderness combine,
And lo! descending with celestial graces,
Proclaim that healing only is divine.

In heaven and earth there is but one Physician,
And though ofttimes He addeth unto pain,
Like discords in the strains of a great musician,
His acts are but the harbinger of gain.

VI.

Looks with rebuke the King upon complaining,
For unto Him obedience is due;
And as a father He forecasts the training,
To make His children strong and brave and true.

I will not vex His ears with my repining;
But I will ask Him what for me is best,
Till of His will I see the blessed shining
What time my heart is lifted to its rest.

Patience! let Him work on, the great Refiner!
How vast the work no eyes but His descry.
Patience! of this strange heart, the one Diviner,
His burning look doth pierce and purify.

Courage! and when the day is at the darkest!
Courage! till foes aweary shall despair.
And thou, who to celestial voices harkest,
Shalt see the watching skies grow clear and fair,

Until old things forever passing,
Shall hold the panting heart no more in thrall,
And heaven and earth renewed, before thee massing
Their glorious things, shall hence be all in all.

VII.

Amid my prayers there is a rush of voices
From out the silence of the coming years.
God! God! how this uplifted heart rejoices
What time the music falls upon my ears!

Have I not prayed, have I not toiled and waited
For some true glimmer of the better day?
Have I not yearned for holiness, and hated
Whatever seemed to push that time away?

Now is the travail of my soul rewarded!
Some vision of the blessed day is mine:
The triumphs of the Church are all recorded
Upon the tablets of the Will Divine.

No longer into warring hosts dividing,
In Zion all the saints shall find one home,
For judgment in the living God confiding,
With prayer as from one heart, THY KINGDOM COME!

Come! Come! that is the end of all my praying,
Which has no echo of the world's complaints.
Lord Jesus, come! and, with no more delaying,
Uplift me to my place among the saints.

VIII.

Death is not death! I catch the inspiration
Of life—a life that is not wholly new—
And hear that blessed song's reverberation
Which in the silence of the world I knew.

O song of rest!—earth-notes it has no longer—
Where God is both beginning and the end,
Where love of Him is ever growing stronger,
And praise and service always interblend!

That is enough while here to know of Heaven,
Enough, enough for me to know when there;
Of what God gave account shall now be given,
And long ago I heard the voice, Prepare!

One moment more of earth and all is over.
Ridley, companion of my later years,
Play thou the man, and let the world discover
Thou hast no kindred in ignoble fears.

Long has it been our new-born life to handle
God's Word, and put the hosts of hell to rout;
And now triumphant death shall light a candle,
The glory of whose flame shall not go out.

THE CANDLE OF LATIMER.

CONCLUSION.

"From henceforth, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labors."

I.

Behold with seer's eyes a battle raging
In yonder sky from morning until night,
The sun, the clouds, a serried host, engaging,
That old, old strife of darkness and the light.

Servant of God, the sun, he never pauses.
Although the phalanx of the clouds obscure
His face to eyes below, unharmed his cause is.
His glory beams above all bright and pure.

He shines, shines on, and through the darkness burning,
Forces his way to the expectant earth;
Lo, as it bursts, his triumph of returning,
Nature the more rejoices in his worth.

And when the heart-beats of the day are over,
How does the monarch at the battle's close,
With all the glory of his triumph cover
The clouds, and sink to beautiful repose!

So fought with evil here, so entered
The most heroic soul that England knows,
The realm of rest to which his thoughts all centered;
So on the world his splendor still he throws.

II.

Let it burn on, forever on, the candle
Of that brave death and strong heroic life,
To cheer unnumbered souls, what time they handle
Their weapons, girded for the world's great strife!

How it has shone through years more than three hundred,
What time so many storms have swept the sky,
And cannon of the world have flashed and thundered,
Whom it has cheered and blest, is known on high.

And it is also somewhere known how, yearning
To serve the Master, one in this far day
Has toiled to found a school of Christian learning,
Called by a name that will not fade away;

Wherein that blessed flame, fed by the Morning
Star with the faith of Paul, the love of John,
Cheerful, imperishable, all-adorning,
To God's grand triumphs might lead many on.

Forever be it kept alight, the candle
Of that brave death and strong heroic life,
To cheer, when we are gone, the souls that handle
Their weapons, girded for the world's great strife.

Conversion of St. Paul,
January 25, 1875.

The Daughter of Zion:

A NECKLACE

FROM ONE OF HER CHILDREN.

To one whose love has long
Been both my strength and song.

A NECKLACE

FOR

THE DAUGHTER OF ZION.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

This part of my little book is so unmistakably a child of Providence — all things indeed are providential — that I think its history ought to be written. I will here give two or three little chapters, and add the rest as place requires.

When I finished "The Candle of Latimer," on the day we commemorate the conversion of Saint Paul — a fitting time to end a poem so full of the modern Paul — my intention was to publish with it a few miscellaneous poems, keep-

ing the volume within one hundred pages. With this intent I made arrangements for printing, and on the evening of the day mentioned I placed in the hands of the compositor, the introduction to part first, supposing that the work of transcribing the poem, writing the two remaining introductory parts, and correcting proof, would fully occupy me during the five or six days required for the passage through the press.

A member of the firm who had in charge the printing, was, through the death of a very dear friend, prevented from attending to certain necessary preliminaries, which caused a delay of some two days. And while he was in the depths from whence "De Profundis" rose from a sorely afflicted heart, I was caught up to the heights from whence my "Jubilate" ascended to God over the conception of "The Daughter of

Zion." Such are the intricacies of Divine Providence: one up, another down; the fall of one, the rise of another, and all continually changing places; for, by and by, Col. N—— will be on the heights, and I in the depths. True to Providence that fashions us so much better than we dream, we shall at last gain the heights forever.

I at once proceeded to work out the "Necklace" with the feeling, to use the words of Paul without irreverence, "that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature," could separate me from my work of love. And between the conversion of Saint Paul, January 25th and February 2d, the day we commemorate the presentation of Christ in the Temple, commonly called the purification of Saint Mary the Virgin,

and a part of the day following, it was all composed, with the exception of a little more than two hundred lines written in former years, and these were altered to suit the new purpose; besides the performance of a great amount of drudgery already referred to.

Providence again interposed and exhibited the "wheel within a wheel" which our blindness so often fails to discover. The fashioning hand of Providence in what I am now minded to relate, the reader will see as he turns the leaves, by and by.

Before I left home January 13th, for Philadelphia, where I now write, I decided to close my school February 2d,—the day this book comes to its birth (Providence again)—and not open it again till such time as I could take charge of it in person. This was a sore disappointment to a lady who had been a teacher with me for

nearly two years. Her heart was in the school, and its close was a sort of failure that was very bitter to her soul.

Concerning this daughter of Zion, in purity and genuineness fit to be the bride of a king, came a whisper in two of my letters from home, which verified a secret prophesy I had long indulged.

I at once sat down—I was then in the rapture of the "Necklace"—and wrote her as follows:

"My Priscilla:

You doubtless remember what I said to you about Providence, when I bade you good-bye in the corridor of Latimer.

Ominous hints have come to me from two sources, though as yet no definite information, which remind me of a conversation I had last summer with a certain clergyman living in the occident, concerning a certain lady living in the

orient, well known to us both. He observed that she was highly fitted in many ways to adorn a clerical household, not very far from his own, (mentioning the place and name), and then wondered how he could drop some hint that might bring about an alliance so desirable. The question was in my heart, though I was not saucy enough to ask it, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Ay, Providence works for us better than we know.

> The failures of the world are God's successes,
> Although their coming be akin to pain;
> And frowns of Providence are but caresses,
> Prophetic of the rest sought long in vain.

Such has long been my philosophy, and it has never yet failed me. I opine that you also subscribe to it.

God bless you and yours is the prayer of your sincere friend.

P. S.—I think of trying my hand on an Epithalamium.

Have I spelled the word right?"

The next day, while I was still engaged on the parts of my poem, neglecting important things whose accusing voice was ringing in my ears—"I couldn't help it"—positive information came that "John"—a dear friend of mine who has long adorned the Church—"had spoken for himself." "O John and Priscilla!" I don't mind that "John" is the old fellow this time, for I know his heart is young. "O John and Priscilla," I said, "had I a glass of wine at hand—I do want one, though I can't spare the money to buy it, for fear I might have to go without my breakfast—had I a glass of

wine at hand I would say, Your health and your family's; may you live long and prosper!"

I heard that toast some time ago in a Theatre. My friends know I am an optimist, recognizing and seeking good wherever I can find it, always inclined to look on the bright side of the "stuff," like the author of an essay I read a few weeks since.

Well, *my* "Daughter of Zion," as the reader will see still more clearly, by and by, is also a child of Providence.

Of the Song of songs, which is Solomon's, to which I am indebted for the conception of several of these poems, and for suggestions in respect to nearly all, I must say a word. The old Fathers were right beyond all question, in beholding in the royal lover and his ebony mistress, Christ and the Church. They have in their favor the verdict of all who have ever

known the love of a mate, the love of our fellows, and above all the love of God. How do we climb to divine things except through the human?

The love of a mate, though at first with little conscious recognition of the Divine, is sure to strengthen with increasing years, unless it is quenched by selfish pursuits, and what time it learns how unsatisfying is all the world has to offer, to make its way through the twilight, until it becomes illuminated with the view of God.

They who see nothing in the Song of Solomon, except a sentimental love ditty, have not learned the alphabet of their own souls; much less have they caught a single flash of light from the Alpha and Omega of God.

The Song of the wise King of Israel, as well as all other parts of Holy Scripture, reveals to

me Divine Providence, towering far above what I discover in any other production, and that is enough for me. God's Providence is indeed in all history, but it flashes forth with such pure, eternal light from the Bible as to make it forever the book of books.

II.

PROLOGUE.

1.

O Daughter of Zion,
When proudly Orion
Illumines the East,
Then one that is least
Of the children of God
Who His Kingdom have trod,
Is thinking of thee,
And what is to be
In that beautiful time
When the world grows sublime.

2.

O Daughter of Zion,
When proudly Orion
Illumines the West,
Then one I love best
Of the children of God
Who His Kingdom have trod,
Is a light in my heart
That has found the good part
Which shall not for aye
Be taken away.

III.

INTRODUCTION.

LUX VIRGINIS.

This poem, written, nearly as it is here, fifteen years ago, under the name "Pursuit of the Ideal," served its purpose on "Commencement Day" with such *eclat* that many manuscript copies of it were solicited by Regents, Professors, Fellow Students and others.

As I write, the face of the great Chancellor is before me, with all its old dignity and benevolence. I should do wrong did I not say here that he more than any other man on earth is

my father in God. For whatever love I may have for a lofty divine ideal, I am largely indebted to him. O Body Corporate, that didst dethrone him from the place where he was doing God's work and drive him an exile to a foreign land, "The Lord rebuke thee!" I will add what Michael did not—The Lord forgive thee! I hope sometime to have grace to do so. *Pardonnez, Messieurs.* It is the "old indignation" which I fear will be strong in death.

After awhile I made a fair copy of my little poem, and sent it to "The Young Folks," being careful to enclose a stamp or two. It came back with the verdict—it was Gail Hamilton's pen that wrote it—"Too old by twenty years." I had a notion there was a good deal of youth in it. As I look back and reflect, I am disposed to think that prim lady was never in love, and did not consider that there are

many old young folks and young old folks. But Providence, you see, was reserving it for a better purpose at a more fitting time.

After a seasoning of fifteen years, Horace mentioned but mine, I bring it forth from the pigeon hole, or rather from my memory which it had never left, and since I have no disposition to burn it, I send it forth in print with some confidence.

Pursuit of the Ideal! What is it but the rainbow-chase of boyhood? Keep on, valiant heart, and thou shalt at length reach the presence of Him who placed His bow in the clouds, and around whose Throne the rainbow is "in sight like unto an emerald."

O Virgin Light, with never a mote! it is the day-star of an ardent heart which leads the possessor on, through all the rebuffs of fortune, through all the changes of the world—in pov-

erty or riches, in obscurity or prominence—warning him away from everything that is low and mean, chiding him whenever he sinks into indolence, cheering him on whenever he puts forth his strength for a noble purpose; until at last he comes to recognize the flashes of the shining face, as the light of God.

IV.

LUX VIRGINIS.

"Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

I adore an airy maiden,
And I bless her night and day:
Night and day where'er I wander,
She is ever on my way.

Tender maiden, watchful maiden,
Friend to me she is alway,
And with countenance angelic
All my baser thoughts doth fray.

Now she chides me and she guides me,
If by chance I go astray:
Then she scorns and she warns me,
If to rest my head I lay.

Purer than the virgin dew-drops,
And more beautiful than they,
Clothed she is in lily-meekness
And a youth forever May.

Who would not rejoice to woo her,
Who is clad in such array?
Who would not rejoice to win her,
Who may never know decay?

Fairer maiden, rarer maiden,
Poet never may portray;
Purer maiden, truer maiden,
Never dwelt in mortal clay.

And such charms she always weareth,
And so modest to display!
Oh my airy, fairy maiden
Over me hath perfect sway!

Should King Oberon, the Fairy,
Haply from his kingdom stray,
And be questioned if he love her,
He could never answer nay;

Such his eager heart to woo her,
And her to his realm convey,
Where her beauty would enthrone her
Queen of every elf and fay.

Oh, her smile to me is better
Than the vintage of Tokay;
Better hours when I behold her
Than are ages of Cathay.

But, ah me! she is so coyish—
And I always hate delay—
Oft my heart grows dark within me,
Void of hope's celestial ray.

For when I would fain embrace her,
Blushingly she flits away,
Darting, glancing like the sunbeams,
As if mocking my dismay;

Leaving me, and then returning,
Like the sunlight in the spray;
And my soul is half distracted
With such Tantalus-survey.

Why will not the cruel maiden
Once my beauty-thirst allay?
Doth she stoop at last vengeance,
Dooming me a castaway?

Airy maiden, fairy maiden,
Do not keep me thus at bay;
Linger yet a little, maiden;
Maiden, yet a little stay.

Ah, she will not deign to listen,
Though I sue and I inveigh;
Ah, she will not deign to listen,
Doth she then my love repay?

If I ask her if she love me,
Blushing she will nothing say,
Nothing answer to convince me,
Nothing, neither nay nor yea.

But retreating, softly fleeting,
Like a rainbow heavenly gay,
She doth call me, she doth call me,
And I cannot but obey.

And as bold and eager-hearted
As a school-boy who at play,
Bright-hued butterflies is chasing
O'er the fragrant new mown hay,

Vexed, successless, yet determined
On the capture of his prey,
Which allures him and eludes him,
Follow softly as he may;

I pursue my airy maiden
From the morning twilight grey,
Till the mists of evening gather,
And no conquest doth defray

All my yearnings and my heart-beats,
For she every art doth slay.
Yet with new and light endeavor,
To allure her I essay,

Purposing no base inaction
And sluggard's welaway,
Till I touch the happy altar,
Crowned on with the fadeless bay.

And I think my heart grows better,
And I count not what I pay
For the airy chase and earthly
Where she seemeth to betray;

For I feel if here I never
Win my maiden, as I pray,
I shall in yon sphere eternal
Fold her in my arms for aye;

Where the splendor of the virgin
Satisfies the heart straightway,
And the rhyme that never changes,
Fringes the Celestial Lay.

V.

INTRODUCTION.

INTO HIS CHAMBERS.

Written at the season of Confirmation, published with so many errors as to cure me of all ambition for periodicals; found afterward in an Eastern paper under the title "Wicket Gate"—a whole commentary which the unknown "friend" who put a name to it that was not mine, has saved me the trouble of writing, this poem is properly placed as nearest neighbor to "Lux Virginis;" for such is its position in psychological history.

Whither does the pursuit of a lofty ideal lead, save "Into His Chambers," where His love is "better than wine?"

I mind me of the words of Cardinal Wolsey:

"Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!"

VI.

INTO HIS CHAMBERS.

"Thy love is better than wine."

I approached the lordly chambers,
Which arose at God's command,
More majestic than all temples,
Poets find in fairy land.

I approached the lofty chambers,
Which for man are filled with good,
And with awe and fear upon me
At the sacred threshold stood.

"Oh for strength! and oh for courage!"
Was my spirit's silent prayer,
While the shifting light and darkness
Saw me standing lonely there;

Saw me standing, saw me waiting,
In the aweful shadow there,
Till as clouds my fears departing,
Faded in the viewless air.

Then it was no longer doubting,
That I sealed the happy choice;
And a coward tongue unloosing,
Echoed then a fearless voice:

I will pass the golden portals
And explore each secret part,
For I long to find a solace
For thy yearning, aching heart.

Then I issued from the darkness,
I so long a plodding fool,
And the King in mercy led me
Trough the open vestibule;

And I passed the golden portals
Which I ne'er had passed before,
Entered then the lofty chambers
Where is love forever more.

And the music of low voices
Floating cheerily to me,
Added knowledge unto knowledge
Touching immortality.

And I felt my spirit glowing,
Joyous in its new-born power,
As a bud which in its blowing
Feels itself at last a flower.

Lord, defend Thou me, Thy servant,
With Thine everlasting grace,
Till I in Thy chambers yonder,
Hail the brightness of Thy face.

Thine be all the praise and glory
Which through Christ I bring to men!
Mine be but to tell His story,
Till I breathe my last Amen!

VII.

INTRODUCTION.

MY BEAUTIFUL PLANT.

I come now to the last of a trinity of poems, written at a time when there was for me a glory in the sun, a glory in the moon and stars, a glory far up beyond them all, a glory through all the earth, ay, and a glory in my heart, which remaineth yet, and which I hope to bear with me when I go hence, where nothing but the beautiful and glorious are known.

I have changed them all a little. To "Lux Virginis" I have added two verses, the tenth and the last, and brushed others up a little. To "Into His Chambers" I have annexed the last two

verses, and introduced the figure of "Chambers" in place of "Temple;" the line "Then the King in mercy led me" is new. Into "My Beautiful Plant," the first and last parts of which were written in an album, I have interpolated four verses, from the fifth to the eighth inclusive. In respect to all three of the poems, the diamond was in them. I have only polished it a little. As I look them over, I find that I wrote "better than I knew;" and the reason is, I wrote my heart.

O young man, climb to the mountains which know the sunshine of God; go to the forests where the singing birds warble His praise; take thy way to the fields clothed in the garments of His beauty, and cease not thy search till thou find the "Beautiful Plant"

Which grows in the garden of the fairest soul,
Whose sweetness will go with thee over the goal.

VIII.

My Beautiful Plant.

"The rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley."

Of all the wonderful plants that grow
On mountain, in forest and field,
There are verily none of which I know
Whose generous blossoms yield
One-half the fragrance, one-half so sweet,
As the Beautiful Plant that I daily meet.

It blooms the first in the vernal time,
And gay at the coming of June;
It ever outlives the Summer's prime;
And when the Autumn-winds tune
Their organs to play the dirge of death,
It scorneth and shunneth their blasting breath.

When Nature at length is in burial array,
Her children all gone to the tomb,
Will it ever know that wickedest day
When it shall be out of its bloom?
Oh, no; for every to-morrow doth bring
To my Beautiful Plant the return of Spring.

It drinketh the wine from the cup of morn,
And trembles with rare delight;
And the loving stars at even born
Look down from their homes of light,
And unto my heart forever say,
Thou hast the beauty that lives for aye.

And when I go forth to the strife of the world,
And join the hurry and din,
With banners of light in my soul unfurled,
I forget not that men are kin,
Throughout the one great household of God,
Awake on earth or asleep in the sod.

The present, the past, and the future are mine,
And I am no longer my own:
All things I behold in the light divine,
Where nothing is ever alone,
And beauty flows forth unto eager eyes
Surveying the earth or piercing the skies.

I cannot in isolation move
When I catch the glory of all
That is meant by Universal Love,
To push from the heart the wall
Which is builded of hate and fear and doubt,
And fences immortal companions out.

My Beautiful Plant, athrough my heart
Diffuses such glory and cheer,
I would never more from the garden depart
Where it blossoms through all the year,
And daily, I think, becomes more fair,
Receiving the kisses of purer air.

Oh who does not nourish so holy a thing
  Is the poorest and vilest of all!
Though he live unchallenged a very king,
  And a world respond to his call.
Ah, such, I fear, when the earth is behind,
The garden immortal will never find;

For this plant is akin to the Tree of Life,
  Blossoming under its shade,
And serving to sweeten the toil and strife
  Which the Tempter for us has made,
Until at last we climb by its power
So high as to pluck the heavenly dower.

And then in truth of such wondrous worth,
  Its roots so deep in the soul,
That when we are weary and done with the earth,
  It will go with us over the goal;
And there at length in its native clime
It will reach with its kindred a growth sublime.

IX.

INTRODUCTION.

TWELVE BEADS.

Of these "Twelve Beads," it is only necessary to say that most of them were suggested by passages in the Song of Solomon, the concection with which the reader will easily make out. I wish I could lend him my spectacles, that he might see all the glory there.

Number eleven was written some years ago during a time of complication, and after I had clambered up to the region where the sun looks with unconcern upon the clouds below him, and

where I viewed with almost equal composure the trouble beneath me.

"A lie that is all a lie can be met and fought with outright:
A lie that is half a lie is a harder thing to fight."

When the time came to explain the "half a lie" that had taken posession of a venerable man, to whom be peace, the Star was in my heart leaving no room for darkness and doubt.

Since the last paragraph was put in type, I have received from home something relating to the "half a lie" spoken of above, which I must here insert. My little daughter, twelve years old, writes as follows:

"I suppose, papa, you have heard the good news of the church, that the Supreme Court has reversed the decision of the other courts, and all the church rejoices."

Before I left home, Mr. R——gs, the able attorney who acted for the Vestry, showed me some parts of the argument he proposed to submit before the full bench at the State Capitol. One passage, as near as I can remember, was as follows:

"The position of the defendant in error is not unlike that of Ananias. That member of the Apostolic Church sold a possession and brought part of the price thereof and laid it at the Apostle's feet, as if it were the whole. Of his sin and condemnation I need not speak."

"This defendant was liberal in his way toward the church he appeared to love, and for his good works he received great praise from his bishop and others. But the suit which he brought in the lower courts, supported by testimony I will not stop to characterize, shows conclusively that he 'kept back part of the price;' certainly,

if the thought was not in his heart at the time, it has since taken root there, all too plainly."

"If the Master was severe toward those who used the House of God for worldly purposes, what shall be said of the man, who in order to recover 'part of the price' kept back in his heart, seizes upon the Temple itself?"

O little flock, with whom I have gone in and out for ten years, your joy is mine. God is good.

Number twelve was written last fall, in Cooper Institute, where, of a Sunday afternoon, I found the quoted words in the poems of the old bachelor, Herrick. When it was sent home, the part about the "patient face" was repudiated. I keep it in, however, for you see I have my way some times. I was "begging" for Latimer Hall. Gentlemanly creditors, I am in your interest, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away."

X.

TWELVE BEADS.

"My beloved is mine and I am his."

1.

O daughters of Jerusalem,
I charge you not to wake my love;
Touch not, I pray, his garment's hem
What time I watch his couch above.

For he is precious in my sight,
The care and solace of my heart;
I would not lose his blessed light,
I will not from his side depart.

Have ye no love and tender care,
O daughters of Jerusalem?
How do ye hope to yonder wear
The glory of a diadem?

I travel on the heavenward way,
I flash my beauty through the earth,
My love is with me night and day,
I share the splendor of his worth.

And in the shining realm above,
When all the toils of earth are o'er,
I still shall know a tender love
To bless me there forevermore.

2.

Behold, when my beloved's voice
Adown the mountain comes to me,
How does my listning heart rejoice,
The shadows of my bosom flee!

He cometh skipping on the hills,
  His steps are in the valley found,
The field, the wood, his presence fills,
  All places with his joy abound.

I catch his music in the sun,
  At night I hear him in the stars!
Voices of my beloved run
  Like major notes amid the bars.

Oh put the garments of his beauty on,
  My soul, that dost such glory know!
Where my beloved's face has shone
  There is no more the base and low.

I flash my beauty through the earth,
  I travel on the heavenward way,
I share the splendor of his worth,
  Whose voice is with me night and day.

My palm shall be the hearts of men,
And they shall be my diadem;
Oh they shall be my glory when
A gladness I have been to them!

3.

Arise, my love, and come away;
The scent of flowers is in the air,
The singing birds are blithe and gay,
Come forth, who art to me so fair.

Come forth, and leave thy lower life.
Within the gloom and darkness are
Where thou dost languish in the strife;
Without am I, the Morning Star.

What is this beauty of the earth
Which fills the eye and warms the heart,
But prophecy of that far birth
When thou and I shall never part?

Arise, my love, and come away,
The turtle's voice is in the land,
The tender figs their tree array;
No longer pause and lonely stand.

There is a song for thee to sing,
There is a fruit for thee to bear,
Put on thy garments for the King,
Come forth, who art to me so fair.

4.

Under his shadow I sat,
Into his countenance gazed,
Which was so beautiful that
Drank I the splendor amazed.

Fruit of his tasted I then,
Sweeter than honey to me.
"Thou art the chiefest of men,
Am I a little to thee?"

Lo! from a countenance bright,
As is the sun at high noon,
Poured he an answer of light,
Unto my bosom a boon;

Unto my bosom a bliss
Which I shall bear till the time
God touches Earth with His kiss,
Making her pure and sublime:

"Thou art the apple to me,
Apple I bear in the eye;
What thou hereafter shalt be,
Thou shalt behold in the sky."

5.

Under his banner of love
Have I elected my place,
Knowing there comes from above,
Strong and delectable grace.

Into the strife of the world
Go I with courage and cheer:
Under that banner unfurled,
Who can be daunted by fear?

What though the darkness be drear?
What though the enemy bold?
Know I the Helper is near,
One who who was victor of old.

Go I to conquor and win,
Ready to dó and to die,
Go I to battle with sin,
Fearless in strength from on high.

Welcome the fight that must be!
Welcome the toil of the day!
Lo! I the victory see:
Fades not its laurel away.

Under his banner of love
Have I elected my place,
Knowing there comes from above,
Brave and delectable grace.

6.

Daughters of Jerusalem,
Know ye not the diadem
Which upon my brow I wear,
Which is altogether fair?

In the watches of the night,
Did I seek his face of light;
Through the city's lonely way,
Praying, yearning for the day;

Till at length I found him out,
And departed all the doubt,
All the darkness of a heart
Which from him no more would part.

Daughters of Jerusalem,
Know ye not my diadem,
Gleaming like the golden sun
When the weary day is done?

It from my beloved came,
One who bears the chiefest name;
And it will not e'er grow dim
While my thoughts are all for him.

Chief among ten thousand thou,
Glory, beauty to my brow;
Let me know and wear thy love
In Jerusalem above!

7.

My place is among the lilies,
  Where he my beloved feeds:
I seek only where his will is,
  To satisfy all my needs.

His purity is the garment
Which only I wish to wear;
A bride for the Morning Star meant,
I seek to be pure and fair.

I wonder, with all the order
Of Him who doth yonder stand,
He looketh on my disorder
And leadeth me by the hand,

What time I desire the splendor
Which glows in his beautiful face,
And seek unto him to render
A service for all his grace!

Oh have ye not known a lover
With tenderest care aglow,
What I in my love discover
Ye certainly cannot know.

My place is among the lilies,
Where he my beloved feeds:
I seek only where his will is,
To satisfy all my needs.

8.

Remember that happiest day
When I from myself turned away,
And sought my devotion to prove
In acts of adorable love?

Ah, yes; I remember it well;
How could I forget it, the spell
That lifted me up from my fall,
And sang in my bosom the call,

To enter the long whitened field
That harvests for heaven doth yield,
And bind up the bright golden sheaves
Which God to a coronet weaves?

O thou who art fair to my heart,
My love for thee will not depart,
Till yonder in bowing me down,
I cast at the footstool my crown.

9.

The love of beautiful woman,
All fair of a heart that is human,
Approaches the heavens in worth,
The loftiest thing of the earth.

It sanctifies earth-lighted passions,
It glows with a power that fashions.
And moulds to a higher resolve,
The hopes that so lowly revolve,

Until they begin to aspire
And burn with the heavenly fire
Which blinds all the glare of the world,
On wings that will never be furled.

My love in the garden of spices,
I know, oh I know, what her price is!
Believest thou she is supernal?
Oh verily, she is eternal!

Her smile is a light to my soul,
Her kiss is a sweetness to me;
When I shall go over the goal,
Her glory still with me will be.

I seek not the wealth of the earth,
I have what is grander in worth,
The love of a beautiful woman,
All pure of a heart that is human.

10.

How sweet and fragrant is the myrrh
Which God's beloved gives to her
Who hails the brightness of his face,
In that afar exalted place!

It is a mountain I have sought,
And still shall seek, till I am brought
Unto the everlasting Hill,
In my beloved's presence still.

The way is rugged, dark and strange,
No path where one at ease may range;
Ah, they must many a vigil keep
Who would ascend that toilsome steep!

I sought in vain to gain the height,
To bathe myself within the light,
Until at last I came to know
The low is high, the high is low.

I bowed me down beneath his feet,
My eyes ashamed his own to meet,
When lo! he lifted me afar,
Where all his love and mercies are.

And when I stood upon the height,
Oh what unspeakable delight
In finding my beloved there,
Who, as I thought, had grown more fair!

So sweet and fragrant is the myrrh
Which God's beloved gives to her
Who hails the brightness of his face
In that afar exalted place.

II.

Sometimes when the future grows dark
And frowns with the gloom of despair,
I lose my one beautiful mark,
Which gleamed in the bright sunny air.

Dear Hill of Frankincense! I grope
In vain for the lost and the fair,
Until on thy summit in hope
I meet with the angel prayer:

That angel of prayer, who of old
Gave Jacob the courage to dare
The might of a foe that was bold,
And lifted his burden of care.

And that which was lost to my sight,
I find in the firmament, where
It glows in the beautiful light,
And faster I climb to it there.

O Hill of Frankincense! to thee
I seek till the break of the day,
When earth and her shadows shall flee,
And comes the sweet sunshine for aye.

12.

What time I think of toil and poverty,
And thinking, turn my heavy heart to thee,
Thy patient face doth banish all the pain,
And voice for me once more the sweet refrain:

"Nothing hard or harsh can prove
Unto them that truly love."

Rebuked and comforted I look not back,
I who have put my hand unto the plow,
And, trusting Him who knew Elijah's lack,
I list the music of our early vow:
"Nothing hard or harsh can prove
Unto them that truly love."

Oh, if in human love such strength be found,
To lift us from the troubles of the earth,
What heroes must in love divine abound,
To strike the chord, unconscious of their worth!
"Nothing hard or harsh can prove
Unto them that truly love."

XI.

INTRODUCTION.

CARMEN ÆTERNUM.

Of "The Eternal Song," which I supposed was the last fruit of those days of rapture, written substantially of a single night, I frankly confess to the weakness of being proud. Who would not rejoice over the possession of what Gœthe calls "the secret of the world," builded into numbers musical as the brook gurgling through sunshine and shadow its hope of the ocean's bosom? *Exegi Monumentum.* But my pen is that of one who writes in the flush of

victory—a victory indeed in the soul of him who guides it. Forgive it. It is quite too soon for wings to grow. Let it pass, the whisper that something of mine shall remain.

What I have written is the Lord's. *Benedic, anima mea,* was in my heart, and frequently on my lips, during the whole season of composing.

The grand old anthem is with me still, and will remain, I trust, to the end:

Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise his holy name.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits;

Who forgiveth all thy sin, and healeth all thine infirmities;

Who saveth thy life from destruction and crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindness.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

XII.

CARMEN ÆTERNUM.

"And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

Cometh soon the day desiréd long,
Cometh soon the triumph over wrong,
When we sing the one eternal song.

Lo! when heaven and earth shall both remove,
Cometh then Jerusalem above
Where the banner over all is love.

Oh the heights to which the saints shall climb!
Oh the wonders of that coming time,
Wonders for our telling too sublime!

Heaven and earth renewed, from crowns as bright
As is God's all-flaming, endless light,
Flash their beauty in the face of night,

Till she from the universe away
Hastes to hide herself in that decay
Which shall have no resurrection day.

Soul! arise and see the splendor come!
For the painting of that fadeless home,
Voice and heart without the Lord are dumb.

John in Patmos saw the blessed sight,
An immortal and divine delight,
For unhallowed eyes too pure and bright,

New Jerusalem, a coming down,
City matchless in her far renown,
Bringing for each valiant saint a crown.

What is that great voice which followed then?
Lo! God's tabernacle is with men.
Former things shall be no more again;

No more weeping—pain and death are done,
Who hath overcome hath all things won,
And shall ever be to God a son.

O my soul, hear thou that other voice,
And remember what hath been thy choice,
Ere thou lift a heart that may rejoice!

Lo! the fearful, unbelievers all,
Liars, they who down to idols fall,
Know the death whence there is no recall!—

Know the second death, which is the fire
Of a vanished season to aspire,
Burning, burning, in a vain desire.

Oh the terrors, when they vainly call
On the mountains and the rocks to fall
On them as annihilation's pall!

Help me, God, to shun that second death!
Help me while on earth I draw my breath!
Help me learn and do what Jesu saith!

Hast thou chosen that eternal part,
Then at length is thine, O valiant heart,
Joy that shall not ever more depart.

Lift thine eyes and feast them on the grace,
Honor, riches in that radiant place,
Thine, when thou hast ended here thy race.

Get thee to a mountain great and high,
Get thee, O my soul, where best thine eye
Tracks the glory flaming down the sky.

City after an eternal plan;
City which the Lord's dear mercies span,
Bow my heart before this love to man!

Gates look North and South and East and West,
All unfolding what is fairest, best,
Light and truth and everlasting rest.

Jasper walls are there, and golden pave,
Of the sun and moon no need they have;
All the Lamb and God with glory lave.

Hark! hark! hear that mighty rush of song,
From all souls that love has made so strong;
Hark, and learn the notes which they prolong!

Song of Moses and the Lamb they raise,
Pouring forth to God eternal praise,
Who is just and true in all His ways.

Moses and the Lamb with never taints!
Theirs the chant they lift without complaints:
Just and true Thy ways are, King of saints.

Moses! servant unto God below,
Mercies in His judgments thou did'st know,
Fountain whence eternal praises flow.

Lamb! who suffered'st here upon the cross,
And did'st purge away our sin and dross,
God in Thee did show the gain of loss.

Hear their voices who His Kingdom trod,
With the preparation of the Gospel shod:
Great and marvellous thy works, O God!

See them cast their crowns before the Throne,
Service which by them on earth was shown,
There at length unto perfection grown!

Looking back from new Jerusalem,
Know they with the Lord their diadem,
Tribulation was but love to them.

Oh the beauty love in mercy paints
When she chants the death of all complaints:
Just and true Thy ways are, King of saints!

Soul! arise and gird thine armor on,
Has the light of God within thee shone,
Linger not the rugged ways upon.

Thorns and crags and dangers, what are they
But prophetic of the fadeless bay,
Which the eager brow would wear for aye!

God through love shall make the mountains low;
God through love shall cause the depths to grow
Heights which everlasting sunshine know.

Hast thou gained some triumph in the Lord,
Thinking more of coveted reward
Than of faithfulness unto His Word?

Hast thou ever drunk the cup of bitterness,
Flowing with the gall of deep distress,
When thou seemd'st to sink from less to less?

Tell me, thou with Christ within thy heart,
What thou thinkest of that olden smart,
And the triumph where thou hadst a part?

Rose I in my joy, and rising fell.
From my grief I rose too high to tell!
God be praised who doeth all things well.

Oh the beauty love in mercy paints,
When she chants the death of all complaints:
Just and true thy ways are, King of saints!

Girded in the armor of His light,
Take my soul, thy rank amid the fight,
Counting on the triumph of the right.

What though clouds shall clasp thee in their bath?
What though night shall gloom along the path,
Where the Lord's the only guide one hath?

Fling thy splendor on the darkness here,
Till the ways of God becoming clear,
Banish from thy bosom every fear.

What though cruel things upon thee press,
Resting as a burden of distress,
Till thou cry, alas! for righteousness?

Recognize the long extended hand,
Moulding thee as for a purpose grand;
Fail not thou to do the Lord's command,

Knowing as thou lookest forth afar,
Life and death and all things glory are,
God's and His who flames the Morning Star.

Oh the beauty love in mercy paints,
When she chants the death of all complaints:
JUST AND TRUE THY WAYS ARE, KING OF SAINTS!

XIII.

INTRODUCTION.

FIVE BEADS.

When the week was advancing, and I was thinking of my preparation for the Holy Communion, I was minded of a lack of that "fair linen," which, becoming at all times, is especially becoming to those who approach the Table of the Lord. "The Marriage Garment" was the providential fruit.

I went to "Sam Weng's California Laundry" on Tenth street, with my commission. The courteous Celestial gave me a very good cigar. While smoking it, on my return, I composed "Sam Weng."

In the midst of my work I received a letter from the good Dean of a Diocese in the far West, whose face, I believe, is known to "all the Churches." "My Yoke-fellow" was the consequence.

A lady connected with my School, who is full of music written and unwritten, promised me some music for "The Candle of Latimer," which I did not get. "Unwritten Music" was the result.

Some weeks ago I was thinking of my children eight hundred miles away, and of one that sleepeth.

> In the acre of God that is yonder,
> And unto the West his head,
> He sleepeth the sleep untroubled,
> With one to watch at his bed.

"The Children's Poem" was sent home by the next mail. The last five verses have been added since.

XIV.

THE MARRIAGE GARMENT.

"He feedeth among the lilies."

The marriage garment God requires,
Is one I cannot all describe:
It is the heart with true desires
That will not take the Tempter's bribe;

It is the thought of all we are,
The wrestling prayer that sin may be
To-morrow less a frowning bar
Between us and His purity;

It is the heart that doth forgive
Whate'er our brother meant for ill,
The wish as in God's sight to live
And evermore to do His will;

It is the strong and far resolve
Which flames the toil of each to-day,
The hopes that higher still revolve
What time the seasons pass away;

It is the love which reaches men
Whatever be their place of birth,
The deed that seeks to make again
A very paradise of earth.

Do I the marriage garment wear,
And seek, O Lord, through thy control,
That this vile heart may grow more fair,
The Bread and Wine shall feast my soul.

XV.

SAM WENG.

"There is no respect of persons with God."

Sam Weng has a laundry near by.
His ways very courteous are:
With business perhaps in his eye,
He gave me to-day a cigar.

He always has shown himself human
And done his work promptly with care.
I think that the man and the woman
In faithfulness have something fair.

What! tread them as beasts that shall perish?
Alas! when the Christian shall put
The souls whom the Master doth cherish
Low under a pitiless foot.

They are not as dogs in His sight.
They have the immortal within:
A germ that may grow to the light
And conquer in season the sin.

I ween old Confucius knew
A glimmer of light from above.
The sky whence his knowledge he drew,
Floats ever the banner of love.

And I know that the Daughter of Zion,
Who walks in her garments of youth
Like the sun and the moon and Orion,
Doth everywhere greet what is truth.

XVI.

My Yoke-fellow.

My friend and my yoke-fellow here,
Whose locks are as white as the snow!
My brother whose courage and cheer,
Are comfort far more than you know!

We both for the Daughter of Zion
Are showing some tokens of love;
We both in the strength of the Lion,
Are seeking to lift men above.

Through darkness and pain and disaster,
God give us the grace and the strength
Forever to follow the Master
Till life shall have measured its length!

And when you outstrip me afar
And see me behind in the race,
A brother who climbs for the Star,
Oh, ask for me more of His grace.

My friend and my yoke-fellow here,
Whose locks are as white as the snow,
When yonder at length we appear
And Golden Jerusalem know;

We too, when we think of the earth,
Shall lift, oh with never complaints,
The song of delectable worth:
JUST, TRUE THY WAYS ARE, KING OF SAINTS!

XVII.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

"Awake, O north wind; and come thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."

Where is that music glorious,
  Which thou hast promised long,
Of those who march victorious
  In triumph over wrong?

I know thy heart is smitten
  With all the love of Christ,
And in thy soul is written
  Full many a strain unpriced.

The major notes and minor
Are ready there for wings;
Pray thou the great Diviner
To touch the secret springs.

There is a song eternal
In every faithful soul,
The music there supernal,
Which shall through ages roll.

O daughter fair of Zion,
Write thou that song within,
In praise of Judah's Lion,
Who saveth thee from sin.

Oh write the music glorious,
Which thou hast promised long,
Of those who march victorious
In triumph over wrong!

XVIII.

THE CHILDREN'S POEM.

Come hither, come hither, my daughters four,
And tell me the tale of your sunny hearts.
It is something no doubt I have heard before,
For into a poem it daily starts.

Come hither, come hither, my little son,
And join in the story that must be told.
His eye has a twinkle which tells of fun;
Will it cease, I wonder, what time he grows old?

Now Mamie, my eldest, what do you say?
I wait not the speech those eyes so well show.
Don't blush; 'tis no sin to the sweet maiden, May,
And love that is silent is strongest, we know.

Well, Emma, I ween, has a tongue that can prove
How many a thing can be told in a minute.
"Yes, papa, and now when it speaks of my love
Believe that for once it has something in it."

The little witch, Jessie, now takes her part
In the oft told story of fireside bliss;
And while I am folding her close to my heart,
She through my moustache finds the place for a kiss.

Wee Rachel, the last of my girls, comes next.
Her *name* makes her dearer than all the rest.
I think of a Sunday I'll make her my text,
And the sermon, I know, will be my best.

Now Jamie has something to say, no doubt,
For great is the love of an only son,
He wiggles about and at last speaks out:
"Papa, its only a dog and a gun."

An only son? An only son?
And have I forgotten so soon the grace
Which many a loving tribute won,
The glow of another dear little face?

He does not answer my call to-night,
Just as the other children do;
But still he replies with a gleam of light,
Which forever remaineth true.

Before his brother and sisters he,
The dear little Archie, has gone to rest:
He knoweth before us, the things to be;
The Father appointeth what is best.

His name was given the Daughter of Zion,
Forever and forever to keep;
Now over his bed at night Orion
Doth watch his sweet untroubled sleep.

Come hither, come hither, my children five,
And pray unto Heaven to keep you from harm.
Remember with me, the dead is alive;
In the cradle of God he is safe and warm.

XIX.

INTRODUCTION.

Θάλαττα, Θάλαττα.

I was told at the printing office, late one afternoon, that some type required for my book, was locked up in a Bible, which would cause a delay of a day or two more. She of "the patient face," knows how I always hate delay. I will call her Patience, after this, for I try to get rid of words. I returned to my little third-story room on Market street, with the information troubling me a little, but when I lit my pipe and began to smoke I was soon

at peace with all the world, anchored again in my old philosophy, "It's all right."

Smoke? I do sometimes; but Patience knows I can stop at any time. She always had faith in me. Always? I must make this a true history; and mind you, so far I have not written a word which does not drip with the honey or gall of experience. I thank God that through my whole life the gall has only been sufficient to give relish to the honey. Indeed, it is a rule with me to try to suck honey out of every thing; and I seldom fail.

When I left home three weeks since, Patience delicately hinted to me that I had better not go into the printing of poems. Perhaps she had a vision of bills. I forgive her, for her advice was what nine hundred and ninety-nine of a thousand, fitted to give any at all, would have given me. But she didn't know what

I meant to print; no more did I, save that I had "The Candle of Latimer" about half written, supposing indeed that it was entirely done, and possessed a mass of miscellaneous poems, the accumulation of years, which I did not care to use, with a few exceptions; but I knew I was going to do something, and do it well too.

At the Christmas-tide of which I write, I was home "on a visit," having previously written to Patience, that she must "treat me royally." She did so beyond all question. But I fear I sadly neglected her. I was full eyes and ears; the eyes were afar in the skies; the ears heard only what nobody else did. Poor heart, she sometimes tried to pull me down, in order to get a word or two into my ears. She did want to be talked to a little.

My congregation will bear witness that at that season I gave them no less than six sermons, the major part of which was poetry. One old gentleman, as I afterward learned, had not the least idea that I was talking poetry to them, all in rhyme. It is hard to tell where the compliment belongs. I think we had better divide it.

There is a little girl in my church who writes blank verse, to say nothing of rhyme, and has a complimentary autograph letter from Wm. Cullen Bryant, to be proud of for the rest of her days. Her truest name is Petite. She wanted a copy of "The Legend of St. John," which with a prologue and an epilogue, was my sermon on St. John Evangelist's day.

Prudence expressed a wish that some good heart might found a professorship of Poetry and the Fine Arts, and appoint me to the chair. I think it would be a bad thing for me. I

should become indolent and lose all my inspiration. I would much prefer some one would send a check for four or five thousand dollars, to pay the debts of Latimer Hall. Then with an institution worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and vastly more in its history of three hundred years ago, to say nothing of the record of the last seven years, how much, under God, should I be able to accomplish!

I must tell you who Prudence is, and that is best done in telling what she does. She has a Sunday School class of about twelve boys whom she is training for the ministry. I think she will succeed with three or four of them. One goes to Hobart soon. Petite! Petite! don't you call that boy away from his studies till he has finished his course; four years, mind you, in College, and three more in the Divinity School, seven all told. Jacob served seven years for

Rachel, and I think that boy of mine, can do the same for you. Is that too long, O young man? Another of the boys Prudence has in charge, will next September go to the University, where I found "Lux Virginis." I presume the light of that "airy maiden," will be enough for him, for I believe he has "put away childish things." It was not enough for me, however. I found Patience there too. Another of those marvellous boys is "halting between two opinions." Sometimes he dreams of lumber camps in the pine woods, sometimes of a quiet country parsonage, covered with vines, with a parterre of flowers in front. He finds it hard to keep away from Latimer Hall—at least its neighborhood. Two more of them may yet rival M. Quod, or even the man of the Danbury News, in journalism—if they keep their heads level and their hearts pure. Have an

eye, Prudence. Now I can say of these boys for the consolation of the churches, that none of them, so far as I know write poetry. I will not however, vouch for them in the future. I never wrote a line till I met Patience. But I want to tell you more about Prudence. She spends fully half her time in looking after those boys, and how large a fraction of what she earns, during the other half, I will not venture to say. You see she is prudent for the hereafter, "laying up treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." Hence her name.

I must also tell you what Priscilla said—I think you know who *she* is—during that memorable Christmas-tide. She expressed a hope that she might never marry a poet. I don't think she thought then she was so soon to marry a

philosopher. Do philosophers never get lost? I think Dommine Sampson was sometimes oblivious to what was going on about him. How was it with Hezekiah Bedotte, who made that celebrated remark? Her philosopher is probably more like the one who lived at Athens, more than two thousand years ago. I indeed hope she will not be a Xantippe to him and make him smoke out doors the rest of his days. That used to be his fate, when he was wont to come to Latimer Hall, merely to see how my boys were getting on. O Priscilla, Priscilla, do let John smoke in his study, ay, in the parlor, if he wants to.

Well, that "visit" came to an end. I assured Patience, as I bade her good bye, that the future was all bright. Dear heart, she could hardly see with my eyes. She is usually ahead of me in getting at the mind of Providence.

When I am down in the depths, she is always an angel of love and mercy on the heights, beckoning me to come up too. I don't think she knew how nearly that delicate, adroit hint about not printing, came to finishing me. But I broke away, and like the compressed rubber ball, rebounded to the region of the air.

When I got on the cars, I told some creditors who seemed to have an affection for me, that they would soon be paid. On the 16th of January, I reached this city of "brotherly love." I commenced "begging" again for Latimer Hall, under the spur of

> Hounds in the front of me,
> Hounds in the rear of me,
> Hounds at the right of me,
> Hounds at the left of me,
> Howling and scowling!

Heart of Tennyson, forgive the parody; and you, gentlemanly creditors, for most of you are

of that sort, excuse it. From the first sixty or seventy people I called on I received a little more than enough to pay for circulars and postage. I did send Patience five dollars and nine dollars, which I borrowed of her, to eke out my fare. There are ten dollars more borrowed I have not sent yet. "Soon paid!" "How he lied!" some of those western fellows will say. I have had the reputation of being a "great liar" in my time.

Was I cast down? not in the least. Did I blame anybody? not at all. They were enlisted every one of them, in behalf, of "Soup Houses" and "Orphan Asylums," and "Houses of Refuge," and "Poor Relations," and "Mechanics out of Employment," and "Hospitals," and "Dorcas Societies," and other "Societies" without number, and they were serving God. "Schools wouldn't spoil; they must wait for

humanity to be served first, in this hard winter of '75." They were right, and I climbed my stairs, my heart full of song, never happier in my life. (They didn't know how near *my* school was to "spoiling.")

I will not say that I cried "sour grapes!" Some money would have done me good, and Patience too. But my eyes were afar.

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."

They were fixed on that tide. I was in the struggle, life and death before me, to mount that tide and ride on to the consummation of long cherished hopes. I believed the time had come. I had waited long and patiently. I felt there was in me the required vigor for the conflict. I stripped me, like the old athletes, and pressed on, with the palm before my eyes. Of what followed my book to this point is the

history. I must now go back and take up a stitch that I dropped almost as soon as I begun this psychological history of *θάλαττα, θάλαττα.*

Smoke? That question introduced the second paragraph. Spurgeon told his congregation, one Sunday evening, that after going home, he hoped by the grace of God to enjoy a good cigar. I sometimes crave that luxury. But you know I don't allow my boys to smoke. It would not be the right thing for Latimer Hall. It would not be safe. It would get them into loafing, idle habits. *I* didn't smoke at College. There was time enough for me to learn the habit after I became a man, and had the cares of the world in my head and heart too. Is not that the way fathers talk? I expect however my boys do smoke now and then "on the sly;" off in the woods, perhaps of a half-holiday. I caught them once—smoking cinnamon. I met

them too, of an evening, with cigars in their mouths—candy with illuminated ends. Boys, boys, I forgive you those offences, if you will promise not to do so again. It's the "rule" not to smoke at Latimer Hall, and you must respect it. But I allow them free access to the cracker barrel. Johnnie and Bert. are as famous in their fondness for crackers as Herb. used to be in his devotion to cracked wheat and maple-syrup. I wonder if that was the source of his inspiration in composing "Vive Le Latimer Hall," in which Prudence and I helped him a little?

Reader, it is impossible for me to tell you what comfort I used to find in that dear song, when it rose with true "fervor and cheer" from the lips of my whole School, with Prudence at the organ leading them, nor can I well finish the account of *Θάλαττα, Θάλαττα,* unless you at once sit down at the piano or organ and sing

VIVE LE LATIMER HALL.

Air.—Vive L'Amour.

Now lift we our voices with fervor and cheer,
Vive le Latimer Hall.
May Latimer prosper through many a year,
Vive le Latimer Hall.

Chorus.—Vive le, vive le, vive le, vive,
Vive le, vive le, vive le, vive,
Vive le vive, vive le vive,
Vive le Latimer Hall.

What though the black clouds overshadow the sky?
Vive le Latimer Hall.
We'll press bravely on and will "never say die,"
Vive le Latimer Hall.

The hoary old Bishop knew never a fear,
Vive le Latimer Hall;
His eyes were afar where the heavens are clear,
Vive le Latimer Hall.

Old Hugh had a will to withstand and endure,
Vive le Latimer Hall;
His heart embraced only the noble and pure,
Vive le Latimer Hall.

As onward we go through sunshine and storm,
Vive le Latimer Hall,
Shall we not remember his flame circled form?
Vive le Latimer Hall.

Oh yes, and we'll keep his dear candle alight,
Vive le Latimer Hall,
By spurning the wrong and pursuing the right,
Vive le Latimer Hall.

Then lift we our voices with fervor and cheer,
Vive le Latimer Hall.
May Latimer prosper through many a year,
Vive le Latimer Hall.

Herbert, my boy, you shall have cracked wheat and maple-syrup to your heart's content, and never be put "on session" again when you have your lessons and behave well, if you will only write us another song equal to that.

I feel as light-hearted and elastic as ever G——e C—— did, as I hear that song to-night, and think of old Latimer. My four Ps, Patience, Priscilla, Prudence and Petite, know who G——e

C—— is. He is a very sharp and successful business man, who at times is under the comfortable delusion that he is the Messiah the Jews have been so long looking for. At such seasons he hardly touches the earth when he walks. I am inclined to think, that as morning after morning during the past ten days I have walked to the printing office, some of the same lightness has been in my step. The people seemed to look at me now and then as if I was queer; and I looked at them and read out their souls. My "delusion," which is not a delusion, is, that the dear school so far away, is going to be equipped for a career of usefulness for many a generation; ay, that Patience in the future will not have quite so much pain to hide away in her heart, beyond the ken of every eye save that of God.

But to return once more. I am longer in

getting at the point than ever Widow Bedotte was. With that information about the type locked up in the Bible in my mind, I went to smoking. Soon reconciled, I thought me of the general introduction I had arranged for "The Daughter of Zion," and was considering whether I should not leave out Rip Van Winkle's toast which I proposed to give to John and Priscilla over a glass of wine I had not money enough to buy, for fear I should be obliged to go without my breakfast. In a moment I was thinking of the ten thousand under Xenophon and their fate on a certain morning spoken of at the end of book first, when they had to go without their breakfast—ἄδειπνοι, *unfed.* From the plain of Caystrus, through the Cilician Gates, on through Syria, down the Euphrates, to the fatal field of Cunaxa, where Cyrus fell, on, on, over impassable rivers

and mountains, I followed until I stood with them on the heights overlooking the Euxine, and heard their jubilant shout, *θάλαττα*! *θάλαττα*! But I must make a correction; for this, I said, is a true history. From that word, *ἄδειπνοι*, I went with a single bound to the mountain where they caught a sight of the "tide" and shouted *with them*, "The sea! The sea!" I again filled my pipe, and before it was half out, I sprang to my feet with the three verses on my lips, which stand in the middle of the poem:

Undying, brave ten thousand! long
The world has known how ye were strong
In your unflinching hardihood.
But are ye yet quite understood?

We yearly paint for eager youth—
Those valiant seekers after truth,
Who keep from dotage and decay
The world—your toils of that far day.

But who has builded into song
The triumph which we still prolong,
And told the world the *inner* story,
Which flashes in your ancient glory?

In a few hours the whole poem was ready for the compositor, and long before he wanted it.

Shall I give the elements with algebraic precision? Some of my boys are good in Algebra, the one that "dreams," for instance:

Let x = the poem as yet in the region of the unknown; a = Providence as shown in the type locked up in the Bible; b = Patience and Latimer Hall; $-c$ = the hero of Sleepy Hollow with poor offended Priscilla, and the negative breakfast; e = general state of heart and soul and mind; d = the pipe of peace. Equation:

$a + b - c + e + d = x$, the poem to be the delight of all future Freshmen.

Boys, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, Professional Men, all, you can never find the value of x, the poem in the realm of the unknown, without the proper "conditions."

Now, Priscilla with the plain face and brilliant eyes to so often glorify it, if you will forgive me that vagabond toast and this cloud of smoke which does not obscure the light, I will tell you how full my heart is of that victorious shout of the old Greeks, confident that I have caught sight of the "tide" which was in the mind of Shakespeare, confident that I have a vision of the sea; nay, more, that I am already embarking upon it, where with sails spread, filled with the breath of heaven, I shall be wafted on to the haven of all my hopes.

ΘΆΛΑΤΤΑ! ΘΆΛΑΤΤΑ!

"Through tribulation."

Strong men have left their native land;
Ten thousand in the phalanx stand.
For love of war, or fame or gain
They go, and hope to come again.

With Cyrus at their head they go,
And where oh where they do not know.
A wild ambition in the brain
Leads them o'er mountain, river, plain.

Through the Cilician Gates they march
Where crags like clouds above them arch,
Past cities which no more remain,
Still with the hope to come again.

They pause upon the unknown track;
They fain at length would turn them back.
Beguiled again, they onward go,
And where, oh where they do not know.

A band of valiant men and youth,
They onward go, when lo the truth
Comes flashing on the morning air,
Destruction here! destruction there!

The Persian hosts swarm all the way,
Bold Cyrus falls, is lost the day;
And in the fall of that ambitious master,
Come shame and grief and stern disaster.

Oh, lost ten thousand! in the folds
Of that vast dotard realm which holds
Them all as with a coward's grasp
Which courage only can unclasp!

Lost? lost? O Greece from whence they come,
Doth son of thine forget his home?
They are not lost. The courage there
Their hearts within, shall rout despair.

They rise, the strong ten thousand men.
While Persians swarm the mountain, glen,
Fields, rivers, every hiding place,
They homeward set, each valiant face!

What though the grip of treachery
Holds all their hope of victory?
New hope is born in each strong heart,
Leaders as from the dead upstart.

While Xenophon recites the story
Of Grecian bravery and glory,
Of love of home which never dies,
Behold the new Clearchus rise,

Strong in the strategy of war,
Ready to lead them on afar,
Patient in all the fair devices
Of which a wise, cool heart the price is.

They march, they march, and from their track
They hurl the vile barbarians back.
O'er mountain crags, o'er rivers deep,
Still on, their steadfast way they keep.

Amid the storm of Persian darts
On! on! they go, those valiant hearts.
They linger not, though breakfastless,
Halt not for hunger or distress.

On! on! through vales and forests dark
They lose not that one shining mark,
The hope of home, the hope of friends,
When in their joy the journey ends.

And when at last they gain the height
And catch the long desired delight,
Oh hear their shout, "The sea! The sea!"
Which tells of home and victory!

Undying, brave ten thousand! long
The world has known how ye were strong
In your unflinching hardihood.
But are ye yet quite understood?

We yearly paint for eager youth—
Those valiant seekers after truth
Who keep from dotage and decay
The world—your toils of that far day.

But who has builded into song
The triumph which we still prolong,
And told world the *inner* story
Which flashes in your ancient glory?—

Showing in what the heart doth seek,
The Christian, Roman, Jew and Greek,
The heathen all, the world within,
Are one communion, kith, and kin?

Undying, brave ten thousand! all
The glory of your rise and fall,
Your march for home, your victory,
Bursts in the cry, "The sea! The sea!"

O comrades all, 'neath heaven's arch,
Under whose banner do we march?
If that of bold, ambitious Cyrus,
The day will surely come to try us.

I ween we all, some day or other,
Have wandered far from that dear Mother
Whose tender care doth keep us fair,
What time we breathe our native air.

Oh, have ye wandered thus afar,
Strike home, where hope and love still are!
Come back to that old household, come,
And find the same dear loving home.

Cyrus is dead, and in his fall
We are as sheep within the desert all,
A hostile, wild barbarian land,
Afar off from the shining strand.

Waste not the hours in vain despair,
Up! up! and for return prepare.
Behold there is a Leader come
To bring us from the desert home.

O comrades all, 'neath heaven's arch
Under whose banner do we march,
What time we strike for home again
And leave behind disaster, pain?

March on! march on! that Leader's name
Doth far outshine Clearchus' fame;
He in the lonely desert place
Knew all was in a treacherous face.

March on! march on! like Xenophon
The Greeks for general fixed upon,
Our Leader was unthought of, low:
But who such glory now doth know?

What time the storms shall sweep the sky,
March on! march on! with watching eye,
Which through the vales and forests dark,
Doth never lose the shining mark,

The hope, the everlasting hope,
Which leads us on the rugged ways to grope
In search of all that fills the heart
With joy that shall not aye depart.

Comrades all, 'neath heaven's arch,
Under whose banner do we march?
Behold, the frowning heavens above,
The crags, the depths, all flame with love.

Strike home, for all that ye hold dear!
Strike home, for all worth seeking here!
Until at last ye hear her call
"Who is the Mother of us all."

March on! though ye be breakfastless,
Halt not for hunger or distress.
There still are foes upon the track:
Linger save but to hurl them back.

Through clouds and darkness keep your way:
It comes at length, the break of day.
March on! march on! through all the night,
In prospect of the coming light.

And when at last we gain the height
Where on the long desired delight
Comes flashing from the shining sea
Between us and eternity;

Oh when to that high place we come,
Only a little way from home,
What jubilance shall flood the cry:
"The sea! The sea!" The victory!

XXI.

INTRODUCTION.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Priscilla! Priscilla! I fear you will be the death of me, at least you will make a bankrupt of me by this much printing, if I am not one already; and how much better, pray, is a bankrupt than a dead man?

I finished the last poem Monday evening or night, February first. The next evening a friend of mine, named Polyglot, came to see me. I read him the poem, which he pronounced "the best yet." You will infer that I had read

to him nearly all the other parts of my book. Poor man, it seems strange that he persisted in calling on me. I dare say he has something wrong in his head-gear.

Polyglot is one of my seven Ps I have not mentioned before. I must tell you who he is. He is a graduate of Yale, and understands I don't know how many languages; besides, he teaches and preaches with his hands, fingers, face, eyes, and his whole body. He has "the gift of tongues" beyond most men I have ever known.

I told Polyglot I felt very happy over the completion of my book, and we together ventured on several little prophesies concerning it. I think he was foolish enough to catch some of my enthusiasm. When you remember how poetry "bores" people, you will agree with me that his delusion was entirely inexcusable.

I said to him that I would like to

write two or three verses on another subject, saying that in my letter to Priscilla I had in a pleasant vein, in the postscript, proposed to try my hand on an Epithalamium, and it would be so agreeable to celebrate a coming event in ryhme.

"Pronounce that long word again" says Polyglot, "and do it slowly. Is it from the tongue of the Persians you have just been talking about in you poem? That language was not taught at Yale in my time." I replied that I felt pretty sure I had spelled it wrong. In fact I had asked Priscilla the question, "Have I spelled the word right?"

I went down stairs and hunted up my landlady of whom I borrowed three dictionaries, Johnson's, Walker's and Webster's. We turned to the Es and soon found the word Ep-e-tha-lá-me-um. Pronounce it slowly, reader, and

mind you give the broad sound to the *a*, and put the accent in the right place. I am not going to give you the meaning, for that would be contrary to my method of psychological obstetrics. I always use with my boys, the method of Socrates, that is to say, nature's method, and only *assist* in the birth of ideas. But I never used those long words with them, as any of them will bear witness. The reader I think, if he does not already know the meaning, will look it out for himself.

Do you wonder that Polyglot was sensibly affected by it? You will wonder no longer when I tell you that he has been a bachelor for many desolate years. I opine that my poems, which out of friendship to me he professes to like, and the poem of this word in particular, have set him to thinking of all he has lost in this beautiful world, and that at no distant day

some action will follow with an attempt to "redeem the time."

How can I help thinking of Prudence, almost a thousand miles off, the only other of my seven Ps, that is unprovided for? Pronounce this word with me Prudence, Epithalamium, and tell me, if it does not drop with honey? You remember perhaps the celebrated clergyman who was wont to captivate all the fair hearts of his congregation by the manner in which he pronounced the word Mesopotamia. *My* word is as far ahead of that as the sun is of the moon. I could doubtless get some poetry—I *do* hope it will not suggest another poem—out of Mesopotamia, but there is vastly more in Epithalamium. Prudence, it is a beautiful word, a beautiful word. Do think of the lost beauty of so many maidenly years. Nature is ever singing the song of Pairs! Pairs!

Polyglot, with "the gift of tongues," teaching
and preaching!
Prudence, laying up treasures for the Hereafter.

How will that do for a couplet? The rhyme would come by and by.

After Polyglot went home that night I began to think of an Epithalamium for Priscilla and her philosopher, who is not like Domine Sampson or Hezekiah Bedotte. I went to bed. The next morning the whole poem, with "Spelled Right," was all ready to copy out for the compositor.

O John and Priscilla!

What time I see the honey
So sweet upon the lips,
My heart—I cannot hold it—
Into the future dips.

I see the children of the Kingdom coming from the four quarters of the earth, all arrayed

in wedding garments, eager for the everlasting delight which awaits them in the Marriage Supper of the Lamb and the Spotless Bride whom He has cherished and loved through all the years of time.

Another sight with no gladness in it, comes pressing upon my illuminated eyes—the children of the Kingdom who have chosen darkness rather than light, and have at length "their own" in the "outer darkness" which never rolls away.

O John! let the syllables of love which are legion in thy soul, take order in words and flash in the good tidings which thou dost from week to week proclaim, as beams of light to drive the darkness from many a poor, poor soul that pauses not to think of the Hereafter. Go out into the streets with the light thou hast from God, and pour forth the words of cheer and comfort; have a hand to help, an arm to lift the

fallen, that many may "see your good works and glorify our Father which is in Heaven."

Still another sight holds my uplifted eyes, and I cry out "O the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" I see those who have never known the glories of the Kingdom save in the twilight glimmer which the dear Father has given to all His children, coming from the east and the west, from the north and the south, to "sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of God."

O John and Priscilla! what time you kneel before God's altar and receive from uplifted hands, His benediction, come with me to the everlasting Espousal in the skies.

> The Bridegroom there victorious
> Is looking on the Bride,
> Who there is all as glorious
> A standing by His side!

XXII.

EPITHALAMIUM.

"Thy lips, O my spouse, drop honey as the honey-comb."

What time I send my greeting,
O friends to me so dear,
And pray your happy nuptials
May gladden many a year;

What time I see the honey
So sweet upon the lips,
My heart—I cannot hold it—
Into the future dips.

I see the Bride and Bridegroom,
My yearning soul before,
To me a calling, calling;
I cannot linger more.

It is the Great Espousal
To last forevermore,
The joy we have a taste of
Upon this earthly shore.

It is the Marriage Supper;
The Bridegroom and the Bride,
Within the waiting mansions
Are standing side by side.

He is the King of Glory,
He is the Prince of Peace;
His triumphs are recorded,
The joy shall never cease.

He stands as one victorious,
And looketh on the Bride,
Who there is all as glorious
A standing by His side.

The Daughter she of Zion,
Who here was dark and low;
When lifted by the Lion,
What beauty did she show?

The garments of His beauty,
She wore through all the earth,
And showed to all her children
The splendor of His worth.

Her lips they dropped with honey,
Her garments smelt of myrrh;
Better than wine or money
The love He showed to her.

What time I see the honey
So sweet upon the lips,
My heart—I cannot hold it—
Into the future dips.

It is the Marriage Supper;
The Bridegroom and the Bride,
Within the Father's mansions
Are standing side by side.

Long since the invitations
Went forth through all the world,
And flashed from off the banners
Which never here are furled.

The children of the Kingdom
Are coming from afar;
From Greece and Rome and England,
Wherever altars are.

And Wesley's lowly chapel
Is not without its roll;
Geneva comes and yieldeth
The fruit of many a soul.

I see among them Luther
Full many a column bring;
An everlasting mountain
Iſt unſer Gott, they sing.

Jerusalem, the olden,
Sends many children there:
Jerusalem, the Golden,
Receiveth all the fair.

They seek the Father's mansions,
A great unnumbered throng,
Who in their tribulation
Have trampled sin and wrong.

The Bride and Bridegroom greet them;
They are the chosen guests,
The children of the Kingdom,
Who did the Lord's behests.

They greet the Bride and Bridegroom;
Both His and hers they are,
The fruit of all her travail,
Her children from afar.

Their lips they drop with honey,
Their garments smell of myrrh;
Better than wine or money,
The love from Him and her.

The Bridegroom looketh over
The blessed throng so vast;
His eye, the jealous Lovers,
Upon them all is cast.

What time each face He greeteth,
As one to Him well known,
He sees they all to whiteness
And purity have grown.

His blood alone redeemed them,
And made them pure and fair:
His righteousness still clothes them,
They yet receive His care.

But hark! a cry ariseth,
That does not all rejoice.
Oh, hark! a voice ascendeth,
It is the Bridegroom's voice:

"O children of the Kingdom
Why are ye not all here?
Where are unnumbered faces
That were to me so dear?"

It is the cry that ranges
Through all the Universe,
The cry that never changes—
Who can its woe rehearse?

"O children of the Kingdom,
Who did in darkness stay,
There is an outer darkness
That doth not roll away."

"O children of the Kingdom,
Who wallowed in the mire,
There is a Day Eternal,
There is a quenchless fire."

"O children of the Kingdom,
Who did not My command,
Ye cannot in My presence
Like these, in gladness stand."

"O children of the Kingdom,
To whom My love was shown,
Your souls are full of darkness,
Ye only have your own."

God! God! The gall that drippeth,
So bitter to my taste,
What time I feel their blindness,
Who grace so precious waste!

The cry! the cry that ranges
Through all the Universe,
The cry that never changes—
Who can its woe rehearse?

"O children of the Kingdom,
To whom God's love was shown,
Your souls are filled with darkness,
Ye only have your own!"

I turn and see the mansions,
The Father's House within,
The guests, the Bride, and Bridegroom,
Who washed away their sin.

He is the King of Glory,
He is the Prince of Peace;
His triumphs are God's story,
The joy shall never cease.

He stands as one victorious,
And looketh on the Bride,
Who there is all as glorious,
A standing by His side.

What time I see the honey
So sweet upon the lips,
My heart—I cannot hold it—
Into the future dips.

While children of the Kingdom,
Without in darkness grope,
I see them coming, coming!
All in the blessed hope;

From out the East a coming,
The land of far renown;
From out the West a coming,
And bearing many a crown;

From out the North a coming,
From wild barbarian lands;
From out the South a coming,
Where Sheba's queen commands.

They seek the Father's mansions,
Where Abraham is found
With Isaac too and Jacob,
Where joys untold abound.

Behold the Bride and Bridegroom
Are standing at the door,
And give them all the greeting
Of love forevermore.

Their lips they drop with honey,
Their garments smell of myrrh;
Better than wine or money,
The love from Him and her.

And who is he that standeth,
Clothed in immortal youth?
Is it the one who taught me
To climb in search of truth?

And who is this who gazeth
The myriad throng upon?
Is it the one whose thunder
Reached him of Macedon?

And who is this that looketh
With such abounding peace?
Is it old Cincinnatus
Whose rest shall never cease?

I cannot count the faces
Which glow with olden grace.
Perhaps, when earth shall vanish,
With them will be my place.

The children of the Kingdom
And aliens are there:
Jerusalem, the Golden,
Receiveth all the fair.

The wedding now is furnished,
The Marriage Supper come;
And there is song and feasting
In that Eternal Home.

Behold the Great Espousal
To last forevermore,
The joy we have a taste of
Upon this earthly shore.

He is the King of Glory,
He is the Prince of Peace;
The Daughter she of Zion,
The joy shall never cease.

He stands as one victorious
And looketh on the Bride,
Who there is all as glorious,
A standing by His side.

XXIII.

SPELLED RIGHT.

O daughter and sister of mine,
The letter I sent you afar,
Did it with some pleasantry shine,
A blunder its pages did mar.

And now I do wonder again
In sending this volume afar,
If I have the yearnings of men
Spelled out as they verily are.

O Daughter of Zion, have I
Spelled out in the syllables all
Of Love that heareth the ravens which cry,
And knoweth the sparrows that fall,

Some words for thy children *aright*,
What time in the twilight they grope
And yearn for the beautiful light
To strengthen and lengthen their hope?

I question my bosom once more,
I mind me of glories afar,
I stand the dear Saviour before
As one to be tried at His Bar;

I haste me away to the sky,
I enter the mansions of light,
When lo, in a jubilant cry,
The radiant answer SPELLED RIGHT.

XXIV.

EPILOGUE.

1.

O Daughter of Zion,
Through strength of the Lion
That from Judah once came,
With the sign of His name,
Lift His children below,
In thy love all aglow,
To the Kingdom of God,
Which by all shall be trod,
In the beautiful time
When the world grows sublime.

2.

O Daughter of Zion!
The Strength of the Lion
Who from Judah arose,
To eternal repose
In the Kingdom above
Shall upraise us through love,
A numberless throng
For triumph of song,
On mountains of light
Where never is night.

Presentation of Christ in the Temple,
February 2d, 1875.

PRIVATE. PRIVATE.

XXV.

Ps' Private Postscript.

Profane not Privacy! Peruser not of my Ps Pass! Pass by.
Pain and Penalty of Prolonged Punishment to every Public
Paul Pry!!

Prim, the printer propounds the proposition,
Presuming previous proficiency in printing has never
Presented it, that it peculiarly
Preferable every "form" should be perfect.
Proceed I to put in this postscript for my Ps,
Preferring to have no printless pages.
Poetry? *Profane!* prose? "Publish it not in Gath."
Principally a pleasant "run" on the Ps of
Prim, the printer, till they piteously cry
"Put by your persistent playful pen."

PATIENCE.

Provided for during fifteen years of poverty,
Persistently presenting in all the passages of life,
Patience of the purified and perfected ones;
Pretty jealous at times of the patriarch, Latimer;
Possessed of a name never to perish,
Preserved from the patriarchal period,
Perennial will she perpetually be in this
Poem of providence,
Prominent forever to the poetical peruser.
Purissimus Amor Pulchræ et Patientis et Prudentis,
Poema Poematum,
Philosophia Philosophiarum,
Palma Palmarum,
Pure as the portals of pearl!
Perceivest thou not how the poet should
Prostrate himself in the presence of Providence,
Profoundly thankful for the possession of a
Pearl above price?

PRISCILLA.

Provided with a Persuasive Preacher and Philosopher,
Prolonging and Protecting his Past meridian Period,
Presenting him the solace of Pretty, Pleasant eyes,
Proving the Pepper and Point of his Profound Philosophy.
Pauses she to Perceive what Pertains to
Prudential Propriety,
Presume I to Prophesy and Predict what is
Patent to all, she will not, as years Pass and
Pleasures of life Present themselves,
Prohibit the Proprietor and Prince of her heart the
Pervading Perfume and Prolific Peace,
Proceeding from his Post Prandial Pipe.
Pray I she may live long and Prosper.

PHILOSOPHER.

Provided for *Per* Protecting Paladium of Providence,
Prisoned in the Private Pound of a Priceless heart,
Pierced by the Penetration of Peerless eyes,
Proving *in Propria Persona*, with Positive Proof a
Previous Proposition that hearts of

Preachers and philosophers are
Perfectly pervious, precisely like other people's.
Pray I his pro-o-o-digious—Pardon, pardon, Priscilla.
Philosopher of Ellengowan, *Procul, O Procul es!*
Pray I his prodigious form may long grace portals and
Porch of the Temple, his lips many a year pour
Prayers and praises at the plinth of the altar,
Perpetually remembering to put into his
Public proclamations from the pulpit
Polished shafts of pungent, pointed wit,
Potent, prophet-like rebukes of profaning vice and
Persuasive polysyllables of love.

PETITE.

Provided with *Puero Prudente Post septem annos*,
Prudent protector after the patience of seven years.
Pray I the pleasures of the possible and
Probable may surpass the pains of the present.
Petite! be all thy proclamations of poetry and
Peace to him in the pleasant groves of the Academy,
"Perge quo cœpisti!" proceed as thou hast proposed.

PRUDENCE.

Provided for only in the possibilities of Providence;
Possessing her soul in patience,
Prolific in prayers and praises
Pro duodecim Pueris—Pax omnibus vobiscum!—
Parsons, philosophers and paragraphists of the future;
Profoundly in earnest to keep them proper and
Pure in the paths of propriety.
Patience in the present! pray thou it may equal thy
Prudent provision for Paradise.

POLYGLOT.

Provided for? not yet, but peacefully pondering the chances,
Plucking the perfumeless peonies of philology,
Profoundly ignorant of the perennial roses
Perfuming the pleasure-garden of a fair pure heart.
Puer Veneris! pierce him!! Polyglot, perceive in the
Practical philosophy of pairs
Pleasure pervading the perishable here,
Perfected in the perennial purity of Heaven.
Ps, not provided for, providentially put on one page.

POET.

Provided for *Per quindecim annos Pulchros*,
Plenteous in pledges and proofs of affection;
Post omnes in the purity of the saints;
Pushing passionate proclivities from his heart;
Pursuing day and night the perennial Psyche;
Perceiving the flashes of the perfect,
Pervading the paths of the perishable;
Purchasing the profitable joys of pursuit;
Pluming as he can a poem for flight;
Praising God for the pilotage of His Providence;
Praying to persevere till the portals of pearl
Proclaim the passage over the
Pavement of Gold to the place
Promised and prepared in the House of the Father.

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